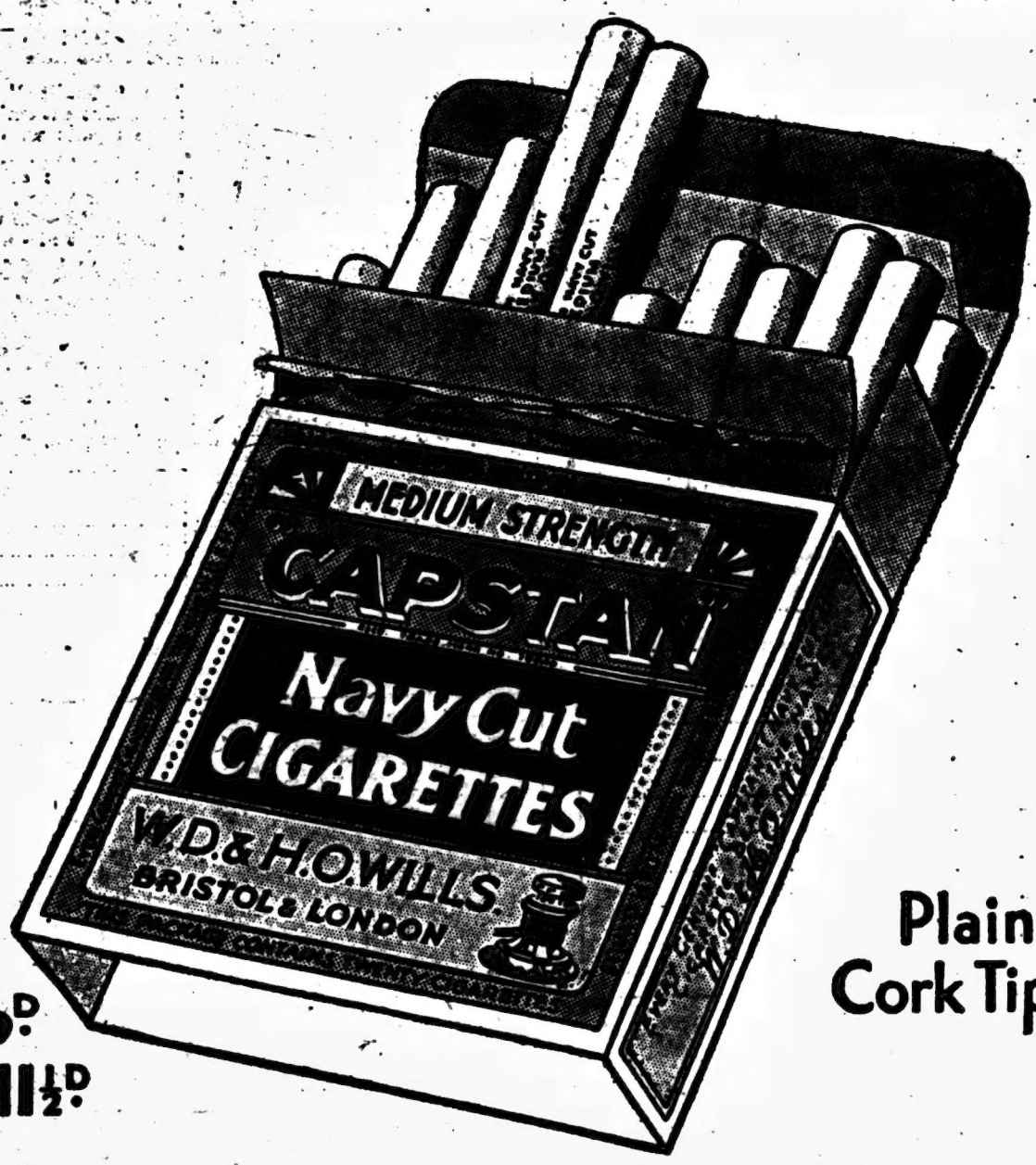
JOHN BULL, JUNE 16, 1934

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LV.
1461.

WORLD TOUR, £1,000 AND PENSION LAST COUPONS ON PAGE 39

JOHN BULL

Have a Capstan!



10 FOR 6D.
20 FOR 11½D.

Plain or
Cork Tipped

—you'll like it better

CC 441

EARLY MORNING TRAGEDY

WITH a start he sat bolt upright in bed. What was that noise? His wife . . . she had just gone to make some tea . . . had she fallen downstairs? He clambered out of bed and dashed out of the room. At the bottom of the stairs he found her. Somehow she had fallen down the stairs and now lay strangely still. Frantically he called her name, but she did not speak. He carried her into the kitchen and then hastily summoned a doctor, but already it was too late. She died before the doctor arrived.

This, in brief, is the sad fate that befell Mrs. Sarah Thomas, of 48, Stavordale Street, Dawdon, Seaham Harbour, and again proves how even a simple act may turn to *tragedy*.

"JOHN BULL" PAYS £110 CHEQUE.

Mr. Thomas, the widower, as a registered reader of JOHN BULL, has received from JOHN BULL a cheque for £110, which includes the 10 per cent. bonus added to every benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Only too frequently there is danger in little household duties which one is inclined to perform automatically. Remember, that over 7,800 *fatal* accidents occur yearly in the home more, even, than occur in the streets!

JOHN BULL'S great Free Family Insurance Gift not only provides unsurpassed benefits for Home and Garden accidents as well as benefits for Children's Accidents, but contains features that make it absolutely unique—JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to safeguard the home against Fire, Storm and Flood damage and to pay benefits for Sickness, and is the *only* paper that adds a 10 per cent. bonus to benefits paid to readers of over three months' standing.

Secure this great Insurance Gift for yourself and your family to-day—it is yours for the asking. All you have to do is to fill up the forms below. Think of it! A minute with your pen—that's all.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 16/6/34

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 125, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 16/6/34

Safe Night Cycling

SEND YOUR ADDRESS!

You get the world's biggest value from the Factory. No middlemen's profits! Huge saving! Satisfaction guaranteed! Month's trial! This magnificent chromium watch, typical of H. Samuel value. Write Now for amazing book of 3,000 Watch and Jewellery Bargains to-day!

FREE BOOK OF 3000 BARGAINS & FREE PRIZES!

H. SAMUEL

MANCHESTER

BABY-CLOTHES 30/-

2/-

I AM THE largest direct supplier of the finest COVENTRY BUILT Cycles in this country, and offer you the widest choice at much below usual prices. Carriage Paid. An ELECTRIC LAMP, BELL, SADDLE & REFLECTOR will be given with all cycles, FREE OF CHARGE. *Write for Free Lists.*

P. O'Brien, of COVENTRY

INCREASE YOUR INCOME WITH THESE ART CATALOGUES

The "Quality" Club offers remarkably attractive commission and bonus to spare-time agents who will introduce their Art Catalogues to workmates and friends. Over 1,200 articles of wearing apparel, boots, shoes, furniture, jewellery, etc., at WAREHOUSE PRICES which can be paid through your Club at 1/- a week.

BIG CASH COMMISSION.

Join the ranks of these well-paid agents—you'll find "Quality" Club prices, commission and bonus unbeatable, whilst our huge stocks and prompt service assure the complete satisfaction of every agent and customer.

GEORGE LODGE & CO. Ltd.

THE "QUALITY" CLUB,

WESTGATE, BRADFORD.

FREE!

Don't waste valuable time . . . fill in your name and address and post the coupon (uncealed ½d. stamp) for Catalogues and full particulars of agency.

Please send me particulars of how I can make a regular addition to my income in my spare time and forward your Illustrated Catalogues.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

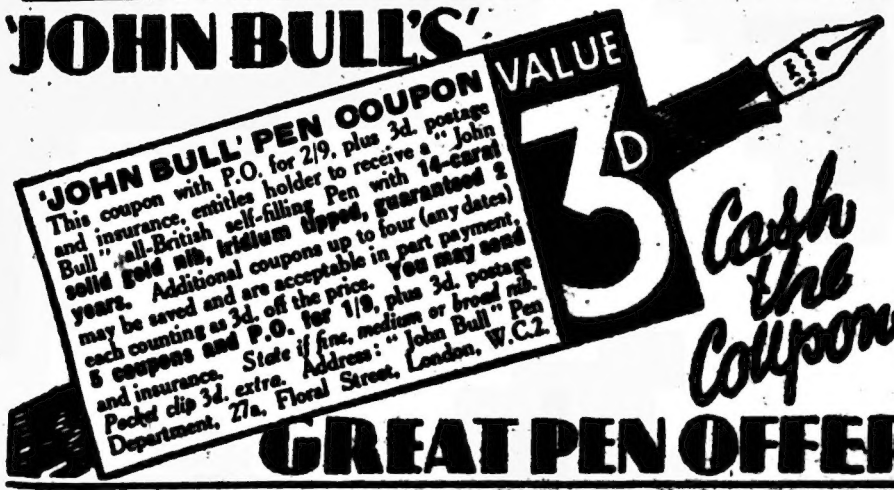
PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK CAPITALS. J.B.1

'JOHN BULL'S'

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D



Cash the Coupons

GREAT PEN OFFER

1934 LATEST CRAZE! ABSOLUTELY FREE!

MUSICAL SAXORGANETTE

To introduce our 100% Sheffield "Double-Life" 3-hole type double edge razor blades we are giving ABSOLUTELY FREE with every order for 15 BLADES for 1/-, postage and packing 6d., the very latest super improved tone Harmonica. You can play this SAXORGANETTE with very little practice, realistically reproducing Saxophone and Italian Organ effect. We say definitely under money back guarantee that these blades are as good as any 4d. blade on the market. Send 1/6 NOW for 15 BLADES and FREE SAXORGANETTE

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS (Dept. J.B.R.), 87, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Second Floor. Opposite Central Entrance, Gieves.

DRASTIC RADIO REDUCTION

POWERFUL 5-VALVE SET

SEND NOW ONLY 1/6 AS 1st WEEK'S INSTALMENT

Splendid instrument; complete with loud speaker, valves, accumulator and batteries—all ready to switch on. Reduced price 75/- cash with order. Send 1/6 NOW.

SEND 4d. FOR BIG FREE BOOK

Many other superb models from 5/- weekly.

ECLIPSE RADIO, Dept. 207, 27, Soho Square, London, W.1.

L. C. Williams (Dir. & Mgr.).

RUSTIC SUMMER HOUSE

PORTABLE HEXAGO

Artistically designed and very roomy. Strongly made; constructed of tongued and grooved boards and barbed rustic wood. Complete with floor and seat. Stained and varnished. ALL Securers SENTIONAL. With bolts and Delivery Instr.

10/-

Angle Ft. to Angle.	Cash Price Carr. paid.	With 12 mthly Order	Pmts.
5ft. 6in.	6ft.	10/-	9 -
6ft. 6in.	6ft.	10/-	10 6
6ft. 6in.	6ft.	10/-	12 6
6ft. 6in.	6ft.	10/-	14 -
7ft. 6in.	6ft.	10/-	

For other designs — GREENHOUSES, BUNGALOWS, POULTRY HOUSES, HUTS, etc., see

LIST POST FREE.

Free Delivery by Lorry or Rail England and Wales

BATH'S 3-7, Southampton Strand, London, W.C.

NEW PROCESS

A HEAD OF EVERY ONE

"PRESSAN" HYDRAULIC PROCESS

revolutionises tyre making. The absolutely uniform. No tortion of cord casing. Maximum Each type carries our guarantee. our trade mark, a Dog's Head "Terrier," "Whippet," "Bulldog," "Greyhound." Prices, 3/- to 8/-. All

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM!

MacLellan

1/- DEPOSIT Secures this ROLLS de LUXE 1934 DRESS WATCH

Gained full award 1934 Swiss Exhibition. Big feature is the remarkable engraving on case to prevent scratching. Highly polished platinum finished Chrome. Amazingly thin and neat for dress or ordinary wear. New Super Geneva Lever action movement. Timed to a minute. Shockproof. Cannot be overwound. Unbreakable glass. Futuristic figuring. Warranted 15 yrs. Yours for 1/- deposit, balance 1/6 fortnightly until 35/- is paid in all. Cash price 33/6. A handsome platinum and gold filled thin Dress Chain FREE with every watch. Send now to: AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS (Dept. J.B.1.G.), 87, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1 (2nd Floor, opposite Glaves)

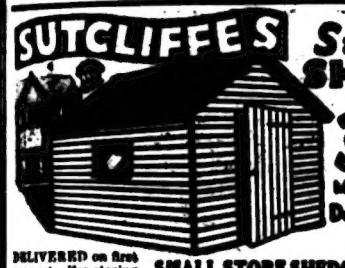
RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/6, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brunswistic REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

9/6

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

SUTCLIFFE'S Store SHED from 3/4 MONTHLY



Design Z.H.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections; only the best value, best carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 22/-

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash or 12 payments.
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 15 0 or 3/4
7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£2 15 0 or 5/6
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£3 15 0 or 6/11

Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Summer Houses, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, &c.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 92, Wood Top, Holbeck Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms—40-42, Oxford St., W.1.

IMPROVED PIANO ACCORDION at a lower price "SOBERANO"

REDUCED TO 66/6

Special Cash Price. Or to approved customers 5/- with order and 2/6 weekly or 10/- a month until 70/- paid. (Post and packing 1/- extra.) Hand and Shoulder Straps Complete. Fret ends.

21 Piano Keys, 8 Bass Keys, 14 folds Mitred Pretested Bellows, Ebonised Case, full Stradella Corners, Chromatic Tuning

MODERNS (Dept. O.1) 7 & 8, LITTLE TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1.

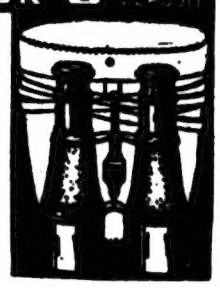
BARGAIN LIST FREE.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

YOURS FOR 6d. DEPOSIT

RACE, FIELD OR MARINE GLASSES £5/5/- Value for 32/6

Wonderful Stock Clearance Bargains.



Powerful Binoculars by "Lumiere." Extra wide view. Great magnification. Time of church clock can be distinctly read 5 miles away. Fitted in saddler-made case. Send only 6d. Deposit and 6d. for postage for 7 days' free trial. Balance 5/- fortnightly until 35/- is paid, or cash 32/6 only. Write for Fully Illustrated List of Glasses by Sales, Goerz, Ross, etc., etc., all on equally attractive terms.

J. A. DAVIS & Co. Dept. J.B.126 94 DENMARK HILL LONDON S.E.5

FILMS FREE FOR EVER

We load your camera FREE with an ultra-rapid, British made "Gratispool" film. NO "CATCH." Send this ad. with name, address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return. ALL SIZES NOW: 3¼ x 2½, 4¼ x 2½, 2 x 3, or 2¼ x 1¼ ins.

CAMERAS AT COST

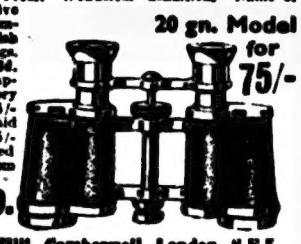
If you haven't a camera, Gratispool will supply you with one at cost. Write for full particulars.

Gratispool Co. (Dept. J.B. 3), 37, Isles Lane, Leeds, 11

YOURS for 3½ DEPOSIT

PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

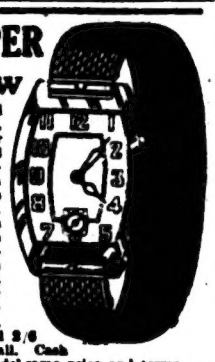
Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars By Lumiere, Paris. 8x Magnification Wide View Screw and Eyepiece Focus Bending Bar Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 5/- monthly until 79/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.



20 gn. Model for 75/-

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 128), 92-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5

AIRCRAFT SUPER Send 1/6 NOW



Not a new watch but an old and tried favourite in a modern style, as supplied to members of Air Force, Army and Navy. 1/6 deposit secures this watch—non-magnetic, shock and vibration proof. Recoil Click spring prevents over-winding. Unbreakable glass. Silver or plain luminous dial as desired. Untarnishable Chrome case and Chrome milanese adjustable bracelet. Not until this watch keeps time to a minute a month is it allowed to leave our model factory. Guaranteed 10 years in writing. Send only 1/6. Test for 7 days. If satisfied send 2/6 fortnightly until 37/6 is paid in all. Cash price 35/-. Ladies' solid silver model same price and terms.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS (Dept.J.101), 87, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

(Opposite Central Entrance Glaves), 2nd Floor.

BIG WEEKLY SPARE TIME MONEY FOR LIVE AGENTS

£5 EXTRA £4 EXTRA £5 EXTRA £10 EXTRA £1 EXTRA £3 EXTRA £5 EXTRA £7 EXTRA £2 EXTRA £6

Hundreds of other lines illustrated in our beautiful Catalogue.

FILL IN AND POST THIS NOW

OFFERING OUR 6d. Double Value Club Cards

Here is a wonderful opportunity to save big money all the year round—offer to your friends and workmates—our 6d. Double Value Club Cards. These can be exchanged for full value in goods as shown in our beautifully illustrated art coloured catalogue.

£500 CASH PRIZES WEEKLY

Our cards sell at sight. Please note, we cater for every member of the family. Footwear, Clothing, Household and Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks, Sports, Games, Toys, etc. All goods are guaranteed.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS

The Amprico method of paying liberal commissions every week is very popular amongst agents. In addition, there are special agents' bonuses and postages are allowed. Free Competitions for Agents and Weekly Club News.

No previous experience is required. Start now to make money. Write for complete details.

AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, LTD. (Dept J.B.) Amprico House, ACTON LANE, LONDON, N.W.10

Read these letters

Dear Sirs,
My many clients who received goods last Saturday were amazed at the excellent condition and fine value that they received.
Yours faithfully,
W. J., Diss.

Dear Sirs,
Many thanks for your cheque for £10 which I have received quite safely and promptly. I must say I am very pleased to have come in contact with such a sporting concern as the "Alpha Trade Exchange."
Yours sincerely,
W. H., Nottingham.

Dear Sirs,
I have to-day received your cheque for £10 in payment for my winning claim. Please accept my thanks for cheque and for prompt attention.
Yours faithfully,
A. J. W., Streatham.

Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your illustrated Catalogue.

NAME .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. Stamp). J.B.16/6/34

WHAT SHOULD YOU PAY for the usual 45/- to 50/- SUIT?

OUR PRICE TELLS YOU

We can make you a perfectly cut Lounge Suit in latest style. S. or D. Breasted, from Yorkshire Tweeds or fine Worsteds. 100 patterns to choose from. 30 years' reputation for sterling value. Write now for Free Patterns, Self-measure Chart and latest fashions.

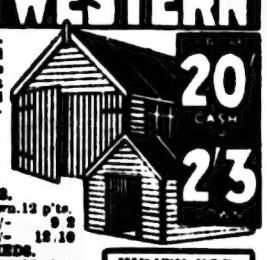
ALL BRITISH SUITS 19/6 TO MEASURE

Send no money. Write now.

H. THOMAS & Co., Dept. J.B.8 14, Pitlake Bridge, Croydon, Surrey.

SOUTH WESTERN

Garages from 70/- or 5/- down. Made from seasoned timber. All buildings have double strength timber at corners. Pleased rebated weatherboard, not feather-edge.



20 CASH 23

STEEL BRACING 6° EXTRA

SUPER GARAGES.

	Cash.	Down.	12 p'ts.
10ft. x 7ft.	100/-	5/-	9 2
14ft. x 8ft.	140/-	7/-	12.10

SUPER GARDEN SHEDS.

	Cash.	Down.	12 p'ts.
6ft. x 4ft.	35/-	3 6	3 1
8ft. x 5ft.	55/-	4/-	4 11
10ft. x 7ft.	75/-	4 9	7/-

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO 1929 L.

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A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

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FROM £3-11 CASH OR TERMS

Chas. T. Robey & Co. CYCLE WAREHOUSE, 24, COVENTRY

DON'T WEAR DRAINPIPES!

MANUFACTURER'S SPECIAL SUMMER OFFER

SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS

10, 20, 21, 22, 23 or 24 bottoms, Silver, Med. or Dark Grey. Waist 26-46, Leg 27-36. 44 to 50 in. waist 1/- Extra. Well cut and made from tested Flannel with belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, usual side pockets & buttons inside; permanent turn-ups. Please state waist, inside leg and width bottom required.

5/- Post 6d. extra C.O.D.

Only to Purchasers of Flannel Trousers.

St. Margaret's Woollen Slipover. Blue, Maroon, White, Grey. 1/6

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J.11), 180/184, Heath Road, TWICKENHAM.

GRAVES

COMPLETE CUTLERY SERVICE Made in the Graves Sheffield Factory.

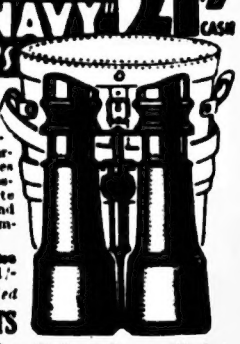
Comprises:- 6 Table Knives stainless blades, ivory-grained handles, 6 Dessert Knives to match; 4 Table Spoons; 6 Table Forks; 6 Dessert Forks; 6 Dessert Spoons; 6 Tea Sp'ns, all of Columbian Silver, which wears white all through; 1 pair Carvers, shear steel blade, ivory-grained handles; 1 Steel; 1 Stainless Bread Saw. Polished Jacobean Compartment Cabinet. Terms: 3/- monthly.

3/- NOW 36/-

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE POST FREE.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

GENUINE SURPLUS ARMY & NAVY BINOCULARS 21/- CASH



Every piece stamped. These famous glasses have perfect range of vision of over 7 miles. Adjustment by micrometer range finder. Huge purchase of surplus stock makes such an amazing offer possible, 21/-, post 1/-, complete with saddler-made case and arm sling. Very limited number—send now to secure.

Also 300 only 'War Office Model,' to clear at 30/- post 1/-

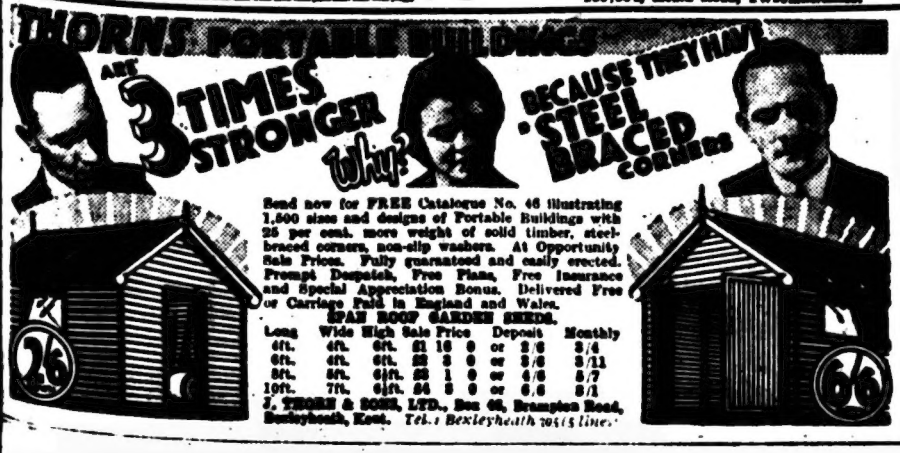
Money refunded if not satisfied

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS

(Dept. X.J.O 1) 87, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

(Opposite Henry Glaves)—2nd Floor.

THORNS PORTABLE BUILDINGS ARE 3 TIMES STRONGER Why? BECAUSE THEY HAVE STEEL BRACED CORNERS



Send now for FREE Catalogue No. 46 illustrating 1,500 sizes and designs of Portable Buildings with 25 per cent. more weight of solid timber, steel-braced corners, non-slip washers. At Opportunity Sale Prices. Fully guaranteed and easily erected. Prompt Despatch, Free Plans, Free Insurance and Special Appreciation Bonus. Delivered Free or Carriage Paid in England and Wales.

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS.

Long	Wide	High	Sale Price	Deposit	Monthly
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1 16 0	or 3/6	3/4
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2 3 0	or 3/6	3/11
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£3 1 0	or 4/6	5/7
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 5 0	or 5/6	8/1

J. THORN & SONS, LTD., Box 46, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent. Tel.: Bexleyheath 705 (5 lines)

THIS 2/6 PENCIL FREE TO YOU!

NOTHING TO BUY. POST AND PACKING FREE

Beautifully mottled pencil. Supplied in lovely flashing colours. Finest movement. Lead refills. Golden col. pocket clip and lead guard. All British—Genuinely worth 2/6. Free to you.

Never before, in the history of club trading, has there been an offer like this. The Universal Providers, famous as the only club firm in Great Britain paying

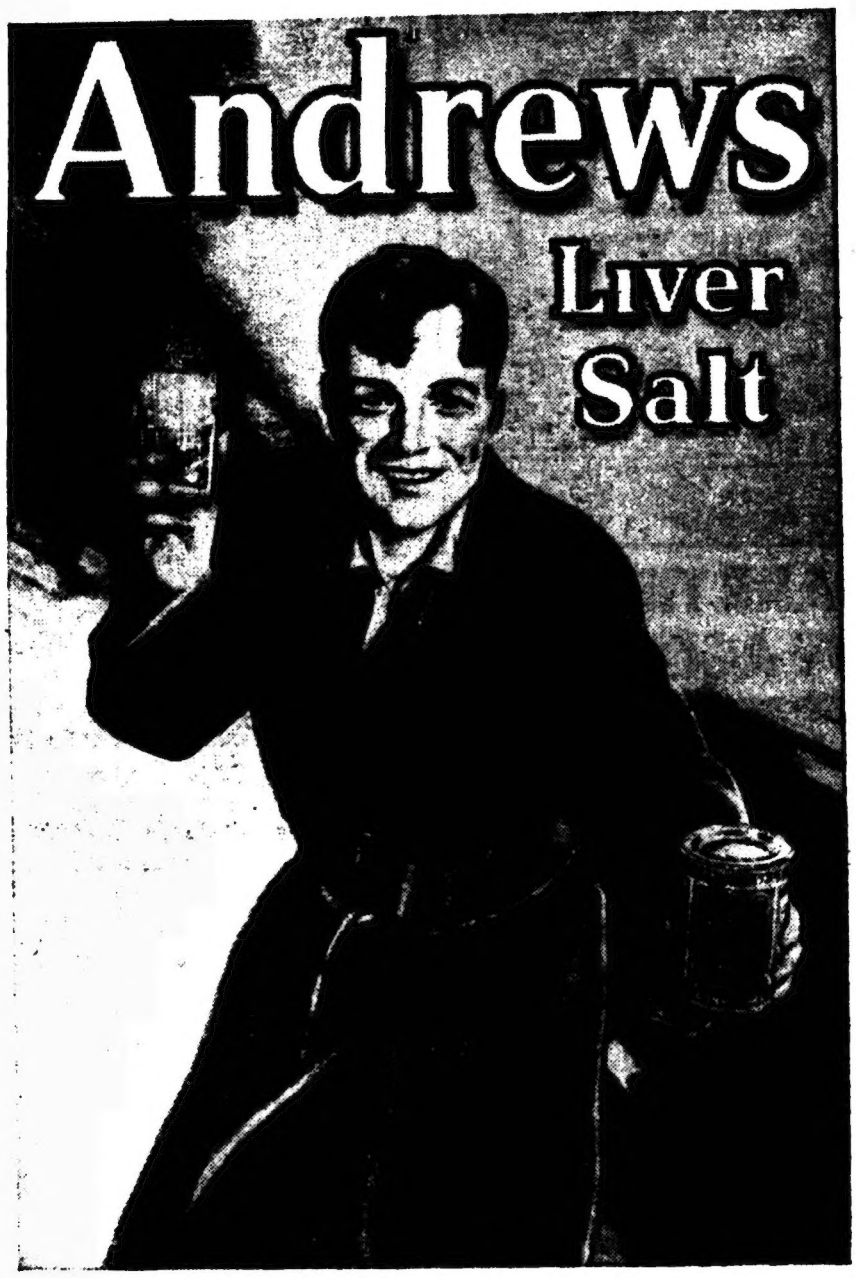
£8 CASH COMMISSION FOR A 20 WEEK CLUB

CLUB AGENTS! Don't work for nothing. Run clubs for the Firm that pays the Highest Cash Commission in Britain. Through Universal Providers Unrivalled Bargain Clubs your members can obtain Ladies', Men's and Children's Clothing, Dresses, Suits, Underwear, Bedding, Boots, Linen, Furniture—Everything. 1/- per week.

offer FREE and POST FREE to ALL applicants for their two wonder catalogues this beautiful automatic propelling pencil. Such an opportunity may never occur again. Cut out this advertisement and send to the Universal Providers with your name and address, and by return you will receive without obligation this wonderful free gift and full particulars how to earn big money in your spare time. ACT NOW—the supply is limited.

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS LIMITED, CLAPTON, LONDON, E.5.

Choose 6 Slogans and win £250



£650 IN PRIZES

1st Prize	£250	5 Prizes of	£10 each
2nd „	£100	10 „ „	£5 „
3rd „	£50	50 „ „	£1 „

Two Hundred Prizes of 10/- each

★ SPECIAL COMPETITION FOR CHILDREN (FOR PRIZES SEE BELOW)

RULES FOR COMPETITORS

Alongside are fourteen Andrews Slogans, each of which is applicable to the Andrews poster reproduced alongside. Dame Sybil Thorndike, D.B.E., LL.D., has been good enough to consider these slogans carefully and has selected the six she considers best, placing them in order of merit. This list has been sealed by her in an envelope which will not be opened until the competition is closed.

Write clearly on a sheet of notepaper, the six slogans which you consider best in order of merit. Add your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS and attach the paper disc from either an 8-oz. or a 4-oz. tin of Andrews Liver Salt and post to arrive not later than:

SATURDAY, JUNE 30th, 1934.

to:— ANDREWS SLOGAN COMPETITION, Killingworth Place, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

The first prize will be awarded to the competitor whose list corresponds most closely with that selected by Dame Sybil Thorndike, the second prize for the next nearest list, and so on. In the case of two or more entries containing an equal number of correctly placed slogans, the entry containing correct results in higher positions will be given the higher prize. In the event of a tie, prizes may be combined and divided.

You may send in any number of entries, but each must be on a separate sheet of notepaper, giving your name and address, with an Andrews disc attached to each entry. Proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of delivery. No correspondence can be entered into. Torn, altered or mutilated forms will be disqualified. The judges' decision must be accepted as final.

The result will be adjudicated and certified by Messrs. Hugh Macrae & Co., Chartered Accountants, London, and will be published in the "Daily Herald" and other National Dailies on Tuesday, July 31st, 1934.

★HANDWRITING COMPETITION FOR CHILDREN

Class 1 (Girls & Boys under 7).

1st Prizes - - - 2 Tricycles.
Consolation Prizes - 20 Scooters.
50 Certificates of Merit.

Class 2 (Girls & Boys of 7 & 8).

1st Prizes - - 2 Tan Sad Cycles.
Consolation Prizes - 30 Scooters.
50 Certificates of Merit.

Class 3 (Girls & Boys of 9 & 10).

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RULES FOR CHILDREN

At the top of a sheet of notepaper write in BLOCK LETTERS, your name, address and age on June 1st, 1934. Underneath, copy out in your best hand-writing any four slogans from the above list. At the bottom, a parent, guardian or school teacher must write and sign "I certify the above writing to be that of the competitor, whose age is as stated." Finally, attach securely a paper disc from either size tin of Andrews Liver Salt.

Mr. H. M. Spink, M.A., B.Sc., Director of Education for the County of Northumberland, will act as judge and will award the prizes for the neatness and style of the hand-writing. You can send in as many entries as you wish but each must be on a separate sheet, giving your name and address, and certified, with an Andrews disc attached. Address all entries to arrive not later than Saturday, June 30th, 1934, to :—

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JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

The week ending Saturday, June 16, 1934. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.: all other parts of the world, 1½d.

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

He should be made to think twice before endangering his own life and other people's, too

The FOOL with the LIVE WIRE

DEATH came suddenly the other day to a woman in her garden—the strangest death of the year.

The woman was Ivy Florence Pike, of Foots Cray Lane, Sidcup, Kent. She went out to water the flowers, her hands came in contact with a wire which divided her plot from her next-door neighbour's. And that innocent-looking fence, as familiar and friendly to her eyes as her garden and the walls of her home, killed her.

Along it, and supported in its mesh, ran an electric cable erected by the people next door to an outhouse at the bottom of their garden. The cable was defective, it was "live," and it had electrified the fence. When Mrs. Pike touched it, with her feet on the damp soil of the freshly watered garden, she received the full force of 200 volts through her body and, struck down instantly, she died.

AT the inquest it was stated that the person who had erected the cable, a nephew of the man next door, had never had experience of this kind of work, and that safety regulations such as "earthing" the cable had been ignored.

The tragedy of Mrs. Pike is merely the latest of a long list of electric shock fatalities that have recently occurred. And we think the time has arrived when a strong warning should be uttered to the public generally against amateur and uninstructed meddling with electrical apparatus.

Practically within this generation electricity has grown from being an obscure marvel whose manifestations were exclusively the domain of experts, to being one of the most familiar facts of everyday life. And, unfortunately, if we are to judge from the official lists of fatalities, never has there been a clearer example of familiarity breeding contempt.

The Home Office, in its last published annual report, expressed concern at the rising tide of fatal accidents due to electricity. In that year there were seventy, fourteen of which occurred in the home.

A common cause of tragedy has been portable apparatus rigged up in bathrooms, for contact with water always magnifies the effects of electrical shock, which is why there are the most stringent regulations concerning the fitting of permanent electric fittings in bathrooms.

They are safe. The chances of an accident with one of these is many millions to one, but there are people who will foolishly plug in apparatus which is not intended for use in bathrooms.

The manufacturers of these appliances are explicit in their instructions as to how their products are to be used. Behind their warnings and instructions are the regulations of the Home Office and official bodies like the Institution of Electrical Engineers, to which almost all apparatus now sold must conform. The mischief happens when those warnings are ignored. Familiarity breeding contempt or forgetfulness.

Wireless sets of the type fed by the mains are an example. Some manufacturers arrange their sets so that the mains current is automatically switched off immediately the back is removed by the user who wants to make adjustments to or tamper with the "works." Others permanently affix warning notices.

Yet fatal accidents through amateur and careless handling of wireless sets still occur.

THERE is a tragic and unhappy young father to-day in West London. He is a waiter by trade, but a few weeks ago he decided to carry out some alterations, in his spare time, to an electric wireless set in his home. Half-way through the job he remembered an appointment and dashed off, leaving a "live" plug dangling from the set.

After he had gone his fifteen-months-old son crawled over to the wireless set. He saw the bright dangling plug, grasped it, and was killed instantly.

Another wireless death, through sheer meddling this time, was that of a young man who, so that he could read and listen in comfort, had rigged up an arrangement of electric light wires and earphone leads from his wireless set to his bed. One of the electric light leads had been bared by rough handling. This made contact through crossing the set's leads and electrocuted him.

There have been cases, too, where a blind disregard of the consequences for other people have been a feature of amateur meddling with electric apparatus.

What are we to say, for instance, of the Hampshire gardening enthusiast and animal hater who, a few months ago, rigged "live" wires through all his hedges and fences leading to his electric light mains?

HIS intention was to kill or keep out cats, rabbits, and small field animals, but he nearly succeeded in killing some human beings.

It is as well for everyone to know, should there be any imitators of this stupid and dangerous practice, that it is now an offence attended by drastic legal penalties.

In the months and the years to come we shall see a greater extension than ever of the many uses of electricity, particularly in the home. The Grid system, now spread all over the country, is bringing it to countless more homes.

All the more reason, then, to sound the warning note in time.

There have been already far too many tragedies due to wanton meddling and carelessness by the Fool with the Live Wire. Let him and his like, for his sake and that of other people, cease tampering with the great force that has become one of our most useful servants.

The best way to prevent him from turning a beneficent servant into a silent, swift and efficient murderer, is for the Government to tighten up the rules against such foolhardiness.

For a long time the electrical trade has been trying to get the observance of the regulations laid down by the Institution of Electrical Engineers made compulsory.

A new set of such regulations is now being prepared and, as soon as it is available, we hope the standards of safety laid down will be accepted by the Government and enforced, with severe penalties for those who ignore them.

That at least may make the Fool with the Live Wire think twice before he endangers his own life and the lives of those around him.

Another Hatry Case is Coming

What is Neville's Little Game?

Now for the Street Pests!

STRAIGHT *from the* SHOULDER

THE country needs JOHN BULL! Week after week our exposures are evidence of this fact.

But it is a long time since this was more strikingly illustrated than it is by a sensational disclosure we are now able to make.

Greatest since Hatry

More than eighteen months ago we warned our readers against the maladministration of an important group of companies which had obtained vast sums of money from the public.

We were the "lone voice in the wilderness" in doing so.

To-day our action is being vindicated, for we can reveal that within the next few days the greatest commercial prosecution since the Hatry crash will be undertaken by the Public Prosecutor.

Half-million at stake

The charges we made against the companies concerned were so grave that a Board of Trade enquiry was opened, and prominent detective officers and leading accountants were called into the investigation.

They have now completed their reports, which are before the Public Prosecutor, and several arrests on charges of fraud are imminent.

The magnitude of the charges will be realised when we disclose that nearly half a million pounds of public money is involved.

We're watching!

The coming trial will be a further proof of the intricate and far-flung investigations we carry out in order to protect our readers.

Company directors must never forget that JOHN BULL'S watchdog, ever vigilant on the public's behalf, always has his eye on what is happening behind their board-room door.

Yes, you need JOHN BULL!

Our gift to you

But JOHN BULL is not only the public's guardian and champion, but a great family journal. Its readers number over a million and a half families in all parts of the country.

This month it reaches its twenty-eighth birthday, and in celebration we have planned a wonderful free gift for every reader—a Souvenir Presentation that is one of the finest and certainly the most valuable ever offered in the whole history of weekly journalism.

Saving you money

We cannot reveal the nature of this gift until next week. But we can assure you it is something you have long wanted—that will save you a world of worry and perhaps a mint of money.

So essential will this gift be to every home that we are actually offering two—one to your friend as well.

Worth 25s., it can be yours free if you accept at once the offer to be announced in JOHN BULL next week. Make sure of your copy by ordering it now!

No—No Neville

We hear that either the Prime Minister or Mr. Neville Chamberlain will go to America in the autumn to discuss a final War Debts settlement.

We hope it will be the Chancellor. The ruthless way he has hardened his heart against the demand for extra money for the unemployed's children makes him the ideal negotiator to meet President Roosevelt.

What's his game?

But we don't like the dark game that Mr. Chamberlain seems to be playing.

Revenue figures show he is £3,000,000 better off, during the last two months, than was provided for in the Estimates. This bears out the suspicion aroused at the time of the Budget that he was nursing a secret surplus.

Unfortunately, we have reason to believe he means to use it on bigger armaments rather than the unemployed or the stricken drought areas.

We must keep our eye on Neville.

The better way

His Dearer-Food colleague, Lord de la Warr, warns us that food prices will have to rise still more "if the farmer is to be put on his feet."

We can tell him a better way of giving the farmer a fair reward.

Let him cut out some of the unwanted middlemen who are making gigantic profits!

Bravest yet

No braver or sadder story ever glorified the name of womanhood than that of Mrs. Scott, of Whitehaven.

She had her baby girl in her arms. Yet there before her was a mite of a boy in the path of a train. When she tried to save him she was flung down by a buffer; her precious burden, as well as the little boy, were killed before her eyes.

We add no comment, for so sacred a story needs none.

Tribute

Another act of supreme heroism was that of young David Woosman, an unemployed miner of South Wales. We told, some months ago, how he endured six skin-grafting operations to save the life of his scalded sister, and how he cycled home after each operation.

We are glad that the employees of several collieries are recognising his sacrifice by presenting him with a gold watch and an address.

Shameful trudge

Time and again we have protested against young children being forced to tramp long distances to school along dangerous roads. Now we have to tell of another monstrous case.

From Sprotborough, near Doncaster, tiny tots of five and six must trudge two miles to an overcrowded school at Bentley. They must cross the busy Great North Road and the Selby by-pass.

To be in time, they must leave home before eight. Since they cannot get home to a midday meal, their parents do not see them again until the evening.

Callous officialdom

The anxiety of the mothers, who know what risks threaten these infants, does not disturb Officialdom. Nor does the fact that such young children are compelled to make their midday meal on sandwiches—and in a school that has been flooded on several occasions.

Yet Sprotborough is no isolated village. It is a growing residential district, whose ratepayers have been clamouring for a school for seven years!

True, the plans have actually been passed, but Whitehall still delays its consent.

Neglecting their job

Similar scandals exist in all parts of the country. We know of districts where infants must traipse as much as five miles to and from school, whatever the weather, if their parents are not to be prosecuted and fined.

And despite our frequent criticism, nothing is being done to provide the schools so urgently needed.

Our education bigwigs are still neglecting their plain duty.

Terrible wait

And shall we never see an end to the infamous ambulance disgrace?

A young girl cyclist recently met with an accident near Penarth and sustained concussion, among other injuries. But the ambulance wouldn't turn out because, as she was unconscious, she couldn't pay the fee.

After three and a half hours the St. John ambulance from Cardiff was obtained to take her home!

Does the local council care nothing for human life?

Street pests

We are glad the London County Council is determined that destitute people shall no longer sleep out on the Embankment or in Trafalgar Square. The world's richest city should have been freed of this scandal long ago.

We wish this energetic new Council would next tackle a different sort of evil—the army of street musicians and others who abuse the charitable impulses of the public and turn some of our streets into a positive Bedlam by the long-drawn-out annoyance of their neighbouring residents.

Very few of these people are genuine "down-and-outs." Indeed, the Council provides adequate relief for every deserving case.

Army of impostors

We know that most of these street performers are impostors, many of whom earn very much more than the kind folk who give them alms.

Their trade has become well organised. As soon as one performer finishes his turn in a busy West End or suburban street another takes his place. We have every sympathy with the genuine down-and-out, but we think the Council should refuse to tolerate street pests.

Drastic

A policeman saw a motor-cyclist whom he believed to be Emanuel Morgan, a young collier of Coleford, who had been disqualified from driving.

Morgan, interviewed at his home, strenuously denied that he was the cyclist. Yet, on the uncorroborated evidence of the constable, he has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

We cannot wonder that he appeared astounded by this decision. In view of all the circumstances, we think he should have been given the benefit of the doubt.

Plums of office

We are still more surprised by an extraordinary decision of the High Wycombe Council.

It advertised for a rent collector and received 120 applications, mostly from unemployed men who were quite competent for the job. Yet it was given to one of the councillors.

The local unemployed allege that the appointment was made hastily, so as to avoid the provisions of the Local Government Act which have just come into operation. Certainly they have every reason to be angry.

Gone west

The newspapers have been devoting much space to the exploits of Captain Ivan Poderjav, who has disappeared after marrying a wealthy American girl.

He is the adventurer whose astonishing career in Britain we exposed some time ago, and we are not surprised that he thought it safer to leave for America.

The police of four countries are looking for him, and we hope he will soon be brought to book.

Muddleheaded

Ramsgate finds that every penny of ratepayers' money becomes shillings in ratepayers' pockets if spent on advertising Ramsgate's attractions.

But a grandmotherly Parliament allows a seaside resort to advertise only in a very limited way.

"Gilbertian," says Councillor Percy Turner. We prefer the older word "crazy."

The narrow path

Nor can we find one good word to say for the Church's censure on the Bishop of Liverpool, who allowed a Unitarian preacher to speak in Liverpool Cathedral.

If we are to presume that a Unitarian isn't a Christian, some of the "modernist" bishops would seem to have no right in the Church.

Shocking the Censor

And we don't think much of the wisdom of the Censor in refusing to allow a film to be made about Judge Jeffreys.

Every schoolboy knows of that infamous judge and the "Bloody Assize." How could it reflect on present-day justice to expose his infamy?

The Censor appears to have missed his vocation; he should have been a whitewash merchant.

The Fragrant Minute.

ABOVE THE GLOOM

WHEN I read a paper (no matter which it be!) I'm quite convinced the world is filled with nought but misery. And then I scan another, and in this one I find that home-life is unhappy and husbands are unkind. A third then fills me with dismay with talk of nought but war, and words that have the maniac's boast," a worse one than before."

There's the unemployment spectre. This no one would deny. There's injustice and oppression—these things all must decry. But this I want to shout aloud because I know it's true—there's joy on the horizon and some of it's for you!

I meet so many people, and in their homes I find that wives are most devoted and husbands good and kind. And though the human carrions from war talk will not cease, mere folk that count, yes, you and I, are talking, vowing, Peace!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

This Polygamy Rot—

ONE WIFE ENOUGH!

It is not polygamy we want, to produce more babies—but a better chance of happy, healthy life for the children that are already born.

by

Ellen Wilkinson

SOME time in the 'nineties, I am told, music-hall audiences rocked to a song—"Why Can't Every Man Have Three Wives?" They would have thought it equally funny and just as improbable if the song had asked, "Why Can't Every Woman Have Three Tongues?"

In our enlightened generation the question is being put, not by Miss Mae West, but by serious scientists and politicians.

Mr. W. H. Phillip, who has just retired from the office of President of the Association of Registrars of Scotland, for example, remarked recently that if the birthrate in Scotland continued to decline at its present rate polygamy might have to be considered as a possible remedy.

Herr Hitler is not so cautious. He wants a big population for the war he thinks is coming, and so has threatened to put into a concentration camp any busybody who dares to make disparaging remarks about a healthy girl who has a baby without a marriage certificate. The only difference between the two gentlemen seems to be this little question of a licence.

Talk of permitting polygamy always crops up when there is war in the offing, but it is odd that it should be seriously advocated just now, when for sound economic reasons the harem is being abandoned as a system in countries where it has been honoured for ages.

Middle-class Turks are finding that they simply cannot afford to keep more than one wife. To the peasant, an extra wife is an extra pair of hands, but the Turkish peasant women are strong enough to enforce their own views. When a wife has more work to do in the fields than she feels like, she will insist on her husband acquiring an extra wife, whether he wants her or not—and she sees to it that muscle and not beauty is the deciding factor in the choice.

Harems in danger

WHEN I was in Northern India about eighteen months ago I asked an old Mohammedan whether polygamy was practised as much as it used to be. He shrugged his shoulders. "Education is ruining the harem," he said. "A man can marry three fools and be happy, but what can he do with two B.A.s?"

Perhaps the best answer to Mr. Phillip is that the men can't afford polygamy and the women won't stand for it.

But that answer won't make much impression on Herr Hitler. It is estimated that by now about 300,000 women have been turned out of paid posts in Germany in order to make places for men. What is to become of these women? Domestic service? But there isn't enough of that to go round, even with the rebate in taxation to those who keep servants.

The high-pressure salesmanship of marriage-on-loan has considerably increased the number of weddings, but a petition of young women, scheduled to lose their jobs, pointed out to the Chancellor that all the available men in their district had taken advantage of the marriage loan-scheme, and what was to happen next?

Herr Hitler has not yet openly advocated polygamy. He has, however, made considerable alterations to the religion of the Nazarene already, so a little thing like this would hardly stand in the way—if, indeed, he thinks that the licence is an important detail—when the problem of more and yet more soldiers has to be solved.

Can we be so sure that the old taboos will hold good in the general hysteria of the present situation in Germany—or even in England, if a similar crisis should arise?

In Britain, where the right of a woman to earn her own living is not yet being questioned, the problem of how to provide for the unmarried woman has partially been answered by Work. But if, as seems likely, we are rapidly drifting into another war-period, when population would be of vital importance, what then?

Natural mothers

IT is often said that the Christian ideal of monogamic marriage, a man faithful to one wife, and having his children by her, is unfair to many healthy women. Modern psychological science cloaks the crudity of this theory with discreet long words about the danger of repressed desires, the importance of the functional circle, and so on.

Now, there are unmarried women who would make marvellous mothers and to whom the lack of children means real suffering, just as there are wives who are temperamentally unfit to bring up their children. The poor little ones have an unhappy childhood and grow into maladjusted adults. Would these things be made better by some form of legalisation of a second marriage?

As things are, the mother-type who doesn't marry comes to a time when she has to face the facts and adjust her life accordingly. If she is wise she finds her way into those professions where her mother-instincts can be exercised to the full. In kindergarten schools and nurseries, in clinics and hospitals, one meets these natural mothers and blesses Providence for the kindly service they give.

The
PRIVATE LIFE
of
GEORGE LANSBURY
by
His Son Edgar
A remarkable domestic close-up
Begins in "John Bull"
NEXT WEEK
ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY!

Doubtful myth

WOULD such a woman really get more happiness out of one child, born in a tolerated half-marriage, while she and Wife Number One poisoned each other's lives with intrigues as to who should get the larger share of the man's attention?

I have stayed as the guest of harem women, and I know what the emotional atmosphere can be in such circumstances.

As a means of bringing solace to the lonely unmarried woman polygamy is a doubtful myth.

A woman who is lonely merely because she is unmarried would be lonely anyhow. She has greater freedom in building a circle of friends than the wife.

She is out all day at her work, meeting people, while the wife, if she is hard-up and has to do all her own work, is tied within four walls, and her husband, as likely as not, only comes home to sleep. It is possible to over-rate the advantages of married life for the woman.

As a means of adding to the population, polygamy is unnecessary. Why not begin by looking after the children who are born and seeing that they get a chance to live?

Save the children!

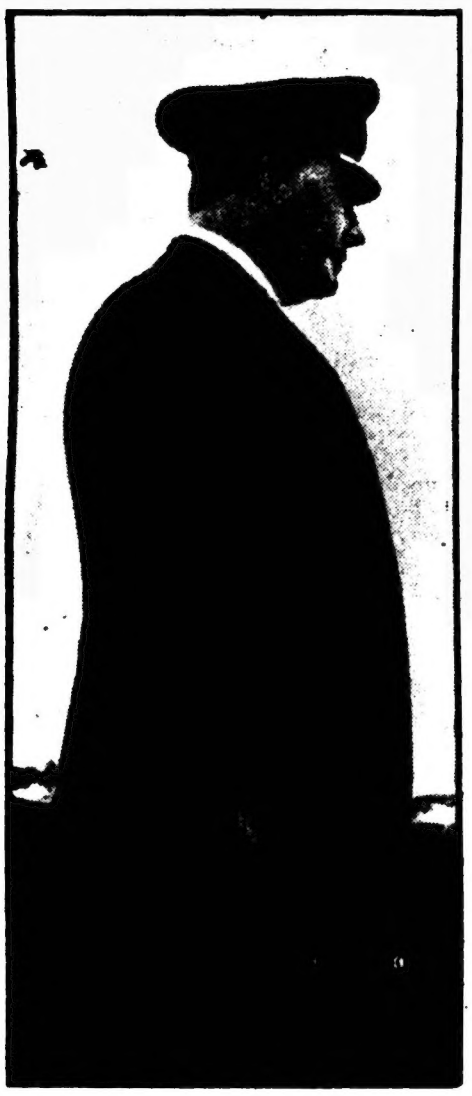
IN places like Bournemouth and Eastbourne the infantile deathrate of babies under one year is as low as 45 and 47 per thousand born. In Glasgow slums, in the mining districts of Lanark and Durham, the death-rate is as high as 113 and even 127 per thousand.

That means that at least 60 per thousand of these babies are dying because of poverty and bad conditions.

It would be simpler to save these children, rather than undermine the moral structure of the whole community, simply in order to produce more children to die unnecessarily. Infinitely simpler to give them free of charge the milk Mr. Elliot now insists shall be thrown to the pigs in order to keep up the price these poor mothers have to pay.

Not more births, but more lives saved is the best way of building a strong and virile nation.

The PILOT comes Aboard



"Up on the bridge is an alert figure"—the pilot is aboard

A FILM of perilous grey mist is drifting over the river and evening is falling; so you cannot see far from your place by the ship's rail.

But the great ship, with its host of passengers and valuable cargo, passes slowly but easily through the channel of navigable water, its road marked by buoys, bells, lights and the ever-recurring fog siren.

Up on the bridge there is an alert, straight figure. He peers out into the thickness and notes signs and features of which you can have no knowledge. His special training and intimate knowledge of local conditions have given him uncanny powers for spotting the perils ahead. He is the Sixth-Sense Man of the Sea. Every now and again he gives an incisive, brief order. By his side stands the ship's officer of the watch—his responsibility has been transferred now, temporarily, to another. For the pilot is aboard.

Even if you have often been a ship's passenger, you probably know but little of the pilot's life and work. You see him come aboard, in the launch, and nimbly mount the rope ladder which has been thrown over the side. Then he ascends to the bridge, and you see no more of him until he leaves the ship.

The last available figures inform us that there are 1,384 pilots in England and Wales, 297 in Scotland and thirty-one in Northern Ireland. The Irish Free State pilots are not included in returns under the Pilotage Act of 1913.

These pilots are the men who bring in ships, past shoals and sandbanks, up channels, estuaries and rivers, or guide them out again. They must prove their qualifications as navigators and as possessors of expert knowledge of the course to be followed.

During the past centuries, their craft has grown, according to certain local conditions, and variations in minor rules and customs are many; but, generally speaking, the methods of organisation of their work are similar.

Drastic tests

In each district there is a Pilotage Authority. Trinity House, of London, is the biggest of these, and it controls, besides London River and the passages to the river by way of Dungeness and Dover, and the Isle of Wight, numerous "out ports," as they are called, extending as far north as Yarmouth.

The qualifications of pilots differ according to the port in which they are working.

There are some small harbours—access to which is beset by no great difficulties—where pilots are but little more than local boatmen with a specialised knowledge of their area; but in all the bigger ports pilots must possess master mariner's certificates, and must qualify by showing a detailed knowledge of their "run."

Tests are drastic and pilotage licences only issued after thorough trial.

In each district the pilotage authority makes by-laws for the qualification of pilots and issues licences; it also is responsible for the "good government" of pilots, the fixing of the pilotage rates, according to the adopted scale which each ship must pay, and many similar matters.

Danger zones

And then, in each port, is a representative of the district authority, who is named the superintendent, the collector or, in some ports—where old tradition is still strong—the "ruler." It is his responsibility to see that the district's by-laws are followed, that the pilots report for duty at the proper time, and so on.

Let us take, as an example, that famous body of men, the Cinque Port pilots, of whom there are over sixty, and who conduct vessels from Dungeness to Gravesend, the longest compulsory pilotage run in the country.

At Gravesend, incidentally, another pilot comes aboard for the trip up the Thames—this is one of the River Thames pilots whose territory is limited to the river itself.

What is known as a compulsory district is an area where every ship—with certain exemptions—must take on a qualified pilot.

Many vessels will pick up their pilot outside the compulsory limit; for instance, certain London-bound passenger liners take on their pilot at Plymouth or Southampton for the run to Gravesend.

At Dover there is the pilot house, with two pilots always on duty. From the bay windows overlooking the sea an old seasoned ex-mariner gazes now and again through a glass. If a ship nee a pilot for Dover harbour and has e hibited the requisite signal, the ne will come to the pilot house, and th one of the men on duty will go out board her.

Next to the pilot-room—with its o marine engravings and its "Notices Mariners" on the wall—is a bare, cle room in which are two iron cots. He sleep the two pilots who are on duty and they must sleep here on their tur even if their home is in Dover and on a few minutes' walk from the pi house.

But it is seldom a pilot need go off a ship from the pilot house. Pilots a either taken aboard at some port ou side the district—as is the case with t big passenger liners—or, still more f quently, they come aboard from off t pilot cutters. These are called pil steamers or pilot vessels in the offici reports, but the pilots still call the cutters, as did their forefathers in t old sailing ship days.

The Cinque Ports pilots' cutter crui off Dungeness. That of the Nor Channel pilots is off the Sunk Ligh near Harwich. There are two cutte off the Isle of Wight: one off the Needl and one off Nab Tower; and so on, rou the coast, wherever it is necessary maintain these floating pilot stations.

It is a sort of sea-going residenti club, where pilots sleep, eat and pa

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferys

HOME SOLD *for* RATES

AN astonishing story of high-handed Bumbledom is revealed by the circumstances in which Francis James Jefferys, a laundry proprietor, saw his home treasures sold at Sandhurst, Berkshire, a few weeks ago.

Mr. Jefferys is not only the secretary of the local ratepayers' association, but he was, when official proceedings were first instituted against him, the popular candidate for the council of his parish.

In the recent series of county council elections he was a favoured candidate for Berkshire; but because of the injustices he suffered, he was obliged to abandon this second campaign.

It is of vital importance to householders generally to note that *Mr. Jefferys fell in arrears with his payments through no fault of his own.*

The trouble in which he has been involved may be traced back to the misdeeds of a former rating and valuation officer in the district, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment at Wokingham nearly two years ago.

The misdeeds for which the former rates collector was responsible created such confusion in the financial administration of this corner of Berkshire, in fact, that Government auditors were despatched from Whitehall to straighten things out.

An early discovery was that the laundry premises owned by Mr. Jefferys were not de-rated, as he had been led to suppose, nor had the moneys due in respect of a cottage he occupied been demanded.

But suddenly Mr. Jefferys was confronted with a demand for arrears, not only in respect of the laundry buildings he had thought were de-rated, but also for his newly acquired cottage property.

The sum thus required of him amounted to more than £50, and Mr. Jefferys, to his credit, at once entered into an arrangement with the new rating and valuation officer to pay off the arrears by instalments.

It is to his credit that in the months that followed the arrears were steadily reduced, the victim paying the rating authorities a sum of more than £47.

But by this time further sums in respect of current rates became due.

Then Mr. Jefferys was nominated to stand as a candidate for the Berkshire County Council. *Within forty-eight hours he was informed that payments under the existing arrangement could no longer be accepted!*

This was followed up immediately by a letter intimating that a summons was to be applied for.

The Easthampstead Rural District Council acknowledged from Mr. Jefferys the receipt of £5 on account, but within a day or two a uniformed policeman called at *his business premises* and served the threatened summons.

In the midst of his election campaign Mr. Jefferys went to the police court at Wokingham to answer a demand for the entire sum of little more than £39.

His astonishment can be imagined when his offer to pay £7 in cash at once and the balance of the arrears in weekly instalments was declined.

He had done the best he could and was still hoping for an amicable settlement with the rating authorities, when two policemen visited his business premises again, and in the hearing of his employees read out the order to *distrain on his private property.*

The immediate effect of this unpleasant visitation was to render Mr. Jefferys' election campaign quite worthless; but much worse was to follow.

On the afternoon of the same day police officers went to Mr. Jeffery home and distrained upon certa articles of furniture.

The possessions removed included bedroom suite, a beautifully toned pian two oval mirrors, a hallstand, a rou table, a sideboard, and a grandfath clock.

All these goods, which had co Jefferys over £130, were now disposed by the authorities for the trifling su of £21 2s.!

* * *

When the proceeds of this ruthl sale had been credited to the Ea hampstead rating authorities' accou Mr. Jefferys was still in debt to the tu of more than £18!

Nor were his troubles by any mea ended. Rival candidates for seats the parish council of Sandhurst n circulated a leaflet announcing th "they had paid their rates."

Mr. Jefferys was, nevertheless, elect at the top of the poll, and an examin tion of his accounts now reveals th the amount claimed by the rating auth rities included sums which were really due to be paid until at least sev days after his goods had been sold!

Could injustice or oppression carried further?

—and a Thousand Souls *feel* Safer *for it*

The pilot leaves his cutter and ascends the rope ladder to the passenger ship he is to guide safely through the danger zone

ir time, awaiting the ships which me in displaying their pilot signals. Let us look into the saloon. It is a g room, with an ample skylight. On er side is a double tier of bunks, and n the centre runs a long table where pilots have their meals, read, play es. This room is their bedroom, ing-room and recreation-room. A y simple affair and by no means con- ming the rumours that the pilot tters are sumptuous yachts where ots lead the life of the tired mil- naire on a luxury cruise.

In fine weather it is not so bad, they ll tell you, although the available deck ce for exercise, on this small vessel, restricted enough. But in rough ather, to be confined in this tossing chored steamer, waiting to enter a ckle-shell row-boat to board a ship, n hardly be fun, although pilots pear to take these discomforts lightly ough.

The number of pilots on board the tters varies. On the Dungeness vessel e complement is fifteen. The rota tem prevails, and is according to habetical order. If, for instance, to- y six pilots leave the cutter to board ips, to-morrow morning six more must e aboard in the tender from Dover, make up the full fifteen.

If, then, you are one of a "block" of ots who leave Dover in the morning the tender, you are never sure how g you will have to remain aboard the ter. This depends upon how the ips are coming in, the pilots will tell u. It may be only a few hours. It y be two or three days.

Let us say you have waited a day or two on the cutter. Now it is your turn —the alphabetical system prevails all through—to board the next vessel. If she is a fast ship, you can take her to Gravesend in about five-and-a-half hours. But perhaps she isn't a fast ship, and it may take twelve or fourteen hours.

All this, of course, is assuming the weather is good. Pilots will tell you that, in bad, foggy weather, they have been held up for as long as three days in the Thames Estuary.

Then, when our pilot at last reaches Gravesend, his work is over. All he has to do now is to take the train back to Dover! Unless it is late at night and he has to stay in Gravesend at a hotel. He pays his own train fare back home—and the hotel bill also.

This means that a pilot never knows just when he will be free. It is impossible for him to make definite appointments in advance. He may be a few hours on the cutter; he may be a day or two. The speed of the vessel he pilots he cannot know in advance, nor can he reckon with the vagaries of the weather.

For the pilot there are no Sundays and no public holidays; ships do not stand still upon the ocean because it is a Bank Holiday!

But the Dover men will tell you that they can reckon roughly upon two to three days a week in their homes. The other days they are working or "standing by," or travelling homewards—a 24-hour working-day when on the job.

That pilots earn enormous sums is another of those rumours. It is true that, in certain ports, a pilot's average earnings are fairly comfortable—the last available Pilotage Abstract of Returns gives the average net earnings in some ports as somewhere round £800 per man.

But these are with the longest runs, involving great responsibility—and who shall say that this is an excessive income for a man who, half a dozen times a month, holds in his hand the safety of a thousand lives, and thousands of pounds' worth of cargo?

There are many ports where earnings range from £200 to £400 only.

In the great majority of cases pilots are paid by the "run." Charges are assessed variously. In some ports it is according to both draught and tonnage —this is the practice in the big Port of London district — in others it may be according to tonnage only.

"Choice" pilots

The charge for piloting a ship of average draft and tonnage from Dungeness to Gravesend will be around £15. Besides this, in some districts, a rate is also levied for the upkeep of the pilot cutters.

But, if our pilot earns £15 for a run, it does not necessarily mean that he keeps all that amount. In many ports pilots have found it an excellent plan to pool their earnings, just as they pool their work by means of the rota system.

This means that a local average sum per turn has been agreed upon. The pilot who makes more on a run, turns the surplus over to the "pool"; and, conversely, if he gets a small ship, and earns less, the deficiency is made up out of the "pool." There are many variations locally regarding this system, especially as it affects the matter of the "choice" pilot.

The "choice" pilot is one for whom a certain shipping company has expressed a preference. In such cases, he joins his ship at a port outside the "compulsory area," in the case of the Cinque Ports men.

The ruler

A "choice" pilot may have to sacrifice one of his cutter "turns," so that there is an equalisation of jobs. The pilots have not much to learn when it comes to organisation for mutual benefit and the rational distribution of work!

On the Royal Terrace Pier at Gravesend is the office of the man who holds the most envied post to which a Trinity House pilot on the Thames can attain. He is known as the "Ruler of Pilots."

There has been a "Ruler of Pilots" for about eighty years. The office was established so that matters of a professional character in dispute could be settled by a "ruler" chosen from the ranks of the pilots.

The penalty is severe for errors, for the pilot's is a supreme responsibility. If he grounds a vessel—even if it be in foggy weather and no harm to life or property result—he may be suspended for a considerable period, during which time, of course, he earns nothing.

A story is often told, in a certain port, where the officer of the watch on a foreign vessel, who falsely claimed to a knowledge of nautical English, set the ship's course wrongly, mistaking the pilot's instructions, with the result that the ship grounded.

It is fog, and always fog, which is the bugbear of the mariner. It is then that the pilot's every nerve and sense must be strained to avoid grounding or collisions.

They seldom err

It is not so much the thick pea-soup fog which he fears—then he may have to order that the ship drop anchor—but that deceitful mist which is just clear enough to allow the vessel to proceed.

Then one may have to run for six miles to pick up a certain buoy, and yet one can see only half a mile ahead, with the danger that a strong current may take the slowly moving ship off her course.

Yet the proportion of disasters is extremely low Every day ships are entering ports and rivers of Britain, negotiating perilous channels, under the cool and skilful guidance of our pilots.

And they are a body of men who, typically, never allude to the hardship and danger of their calling, but assume the burden of their customary toil with the calm and brisk efficiency which is characteristic of our age-long tradition of seamanship.

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Hannen Swaffer's

Open Letter to

LORD GLANELY

DEAR LORD GLANELY,—Colombo was a bit of an upset, wasn't it? Still, you are used to things like that.

I saw you just before the Derby, crossing the course behind Lord Lonsdale, and I saw you, not much more than half an hour later, when your "unbeatable" horse, Colombo, had been beaten for the first time.

My mind went back to the first Derby after the war. Near you was Sir Alexander Black, owner of The Panther, the scorching Derby favourite of 1919.

"Nothing can beat The Panther," they said.

Yet your horse, Grand Parade, won at 5 to 1, and added another story to the edifice of success which you had built up year after year, since your early manhood.

Well, you can't win every time.

This year the "unbeatable" favourite was yours. Yet, as so often happens, the favourite was beaten.

You will do it again, yet. Money counts on the Turf, as it does in many places.

When your peerage was announced in the wartime, when you were on the high-road of fortune, you telephoned to a friend, "This will —— well knock 'em."

You have been "knocking 'em" ever since.

You, like Sir Alexander Black, were a shipping clerk at 30s. a week. Both of you, when nobody knew about your existence and cared even less, slaved away in humble marine offices, grubbing the knowledge on which your fortunes were based.

You were only thirteen, I think, when, shipwrecked as a cabin boy, you decided that great wealth and achievement were not to be obtained by "buoying or sailing ships but by buying and selling them," to use a clever phrase of your own. From being the smartest clerk on Change, you promoted yourself to the ranks of multi-millionaires and then you became "My Lord"

The war provided you with a bountiful harvest time. Then, shipowners could not help making money.

Once you were just "Sporty Bill Tatem." Then you became a merchant prince, a breeder of priceless thoroughbreds, and a peer. And your jockey's jacket was crossed with red, white and blue.

* * *

They made of you more than a peer. You were elected to membership of the ultra-exclusive Jockey Club. That did not please all the top-hatted members. But, soon, your persistence won you great favour. For you saved some of their pockets an immense sum annually.

The income-tax authorities singled you out to test whether the profits of a stallion at stud, as distinct from the profit-and-loss of a whole racing establishment, were subject to taxation. You went from court to court, with a verdict against you. You won in the House of Lords. How they cheered then!

Colombo, when he lost the Derby, had already earned a dividend of 5,500 per cent. on the price you paid for him as a yearling. Yet, when you paid 11,500 guineas for a horse, he won only once and brought you back no more than £480.

Worse still, Westward Ho! for whom you paid 14,500 guineas, never won at all, while Blue Ensign, who cost you £15,000, was sold, in the end, for only £89 5s.

If you had not beaten Sir Alec Black with Grand Parade, I believe you would have given up racing as a "mug's game."

As it is, you are still a terror at the sale ring.

At Doncaster and Newmarket, this autumn, you will no doubt go all out to buy the Derby winner of 1936.

Yes, you like your money's worth. You live in a world of commerce. Why shouldn't you? How many times was it you changed your trainer until you joined up with Capt. Tommy Hogg?

This year, no doubt, you made a great mistake. British jockeys gave you great service, last year, with Colombo. He won all his races.

In fact, you got £27,000 from his prize money.

So, when you imported an Australian jockey from France, the jockeys of Britain regarded it as great criticism of all of them.

"Can't we be trusted?" they said. "Are we not good enough?"

So talk went round I heard it at Blackpool. I heard it at the Petersen-Harvey fight. Everywhere I went, people said, "It's a shame." Why? Surely you can have what jockey you like!

* * *

I am sorry, Lord Glanely, that Colombo was beaten. He is a great horse. And he can stay the distance after all, or he could not have made up ground that he lost at Tattenham Corner. As usual, at the end, horses owned by three millionaires finished 1, 2, 3.

A millionaire maharajah, born to great wealth, beat a millionaire whisky merchant who came to London as a commercial traveller. And, third, there was you—the former shipping clerk, now a prince of the Turf.

It's a great game. Poor fellows like myself can only look on and cheer.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,
Lambeth Palace

YOUR GRACE,—To be efficient, the Church should obviously keep in close touch with the affairs of the moment.

Yet an Act extending the hours in which people can marry passed through both Houses of Parliament before you were aware of it!

Don't you ever look at the Order Paper of the House of Lords—or even the newspapers? JOHN BULL.

Lieut.-Col. MOORE BRABAZON, M.P.,
Belgrave Square, London, S.W.

DEAR COLONEL,—"I, who have been weaned on petrol, adore the sound of a good cracking exhaust," you told the Road Traffic Committee.

You were speaking lightly, of course, but I hope your words won't encourage those Bright Young Things who deafen us with their noisy sports cars.

I wish you could persuade them that the better the car, the quieter it is!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. MONTAGU BUTLER,
Isle of Man

DEAR GOVERNOR,—I do hope you won't turn Mr. Neville Chamberlain green with envy.

In your new Budget you have reduced income-tax by twopence, but that's a long way better than Neville's cut of 6d., for it leaves the tax at 8d. in the pound! Lucky Isle of Man! JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES WM. BARROW,
Newcastle-under-Lyme

BARROW,—Your mother willed you £600—I wonder how much work went to acquire it—yet it proved a curse.

You spent it on drink, lost an excellent job, friends and self-respect, and now in a prison cell for a month for stealing from the British Legion. Meet and study a few of the people compelled to get along on a pittance. It may not make you rich, but it may make you a man. JOHN BULL.

Judge THESIGER,
Gateshead County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—"It seems extraordinary that a miner should get less than 30s. for a full week's work!" you exclaimed when told that was the earnings of a collier sued for debt.

Your refusal to make an order against him proves that your sympathies are in the right quarter.

But the conditions described are not only extraordinary but damnable.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. V. GLENISTER,
Sunday Kinemas Committee

DEAR SIR,—The battle against Sunday kinemas in Bournemouth nearly made you believe that it was the one town where the Sabbatarians were sincere, you say. Now you find Bournemouth employing Sunday labour on alterations to its municipal pavilion.

"Inconsistent and hypocritical" is your comment, and I quite agree.

JOHN BULL.

DAVID CHARLTON BELL,
H.M. Prison, Edinburgh

CAD, — Even your fellow-prisoners should feel contaminated by having to share your company for the next six months.

Posing as a big business man, you persuaded a woman to advance you nearly £300 before she found that you were just a glib rogue. Then, when she was prostrate with shock, you stole her piano and other articles.

I'm sorry you'll be in jail for only six months. JOHN BULL.

Dr. J. AYLEN,
M.O.H., Blyth, Suffolk

DEAR DOCTOR,—Compared with last year, there have already been three times the number of deaths from measles in the few months of this year.

You advocate the closing of schools where outbreaks occur. But the county authorities, you complain, treat the matter with levity.

For treating a serious epidemic as a joke they should be placed in their own lunatic asylums! JOHN BULL.

Canon ERNEST PHILLIPS,
Chipping Sodbury Rural Council

DEAR CANON,—I share your indignation at the slowness of your local authorities.

A stretch of the Bristol road has thirteen side turnings, children have to be sent to a distant school to avoid it, and fatalities are frequent. Yet the county council says it has no power to erect traffic signs.

I hope you won't believe that this scandalous death-trap is "nobody's business." JOHN BULL.

BENJAMIN KENYON GREGORY,
Lincoln

BRUTE,—You are another of the kind which I have noted too much in the news lately. Battering a dog to death with a chopper is an offence that should be punished by a spell in jail.

Yet the magistrates let you off with a fine. Not only your action, but theirs, sickens me. JOHN BULL.

Skipper BERT JINKS,
Fleetwood

DEAR BERT,—The world laughed with you when you defied a naval fishery cruiser and sailed off with two of its crew.

But the laugh is now against you. Though you defied the magistrates by not appearing when your wife sought a maintenance order, you have been ordered to pay £4 a week.

You won't find that much of a joke.

JOHN BULL.

LORD BADEN-POWELL: Young chaps should play not only cricket and football but the game of soldiering, you assert. No, let them leave soldiering to soldiers.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. GERTRUDE BURNS,
Leeds

BURNS,—It was a base thing to instruct your little daughter and another girl to steal money from a shop till. Corrupting one's own child is surely the depth of infamy!

You were extremely lucky to get off with a sentence of one month's imprisonment in the second division, though that may be long enough for you to see the error of your ways. JOHN BULL.

Hon. OLIVER STANLEY,
Minister of Transport

DEAR MR. STANLEY,—Now that every town has its traffic lights, the red and green signs flashing on the eye level from shops is apt to cause confusion and result in accidents.

Can you not persuade local authorities to ensure that such signs are placed at a safer height? JOHN BULL.

EDWIN TORODE,
Borstal Camp, Cowes

MY LAD,—There's something fine in your character, and I wager your Governor won't be slow to see it.

When you ran away to look up the old folk you returned to camp for food at dead of night "rather than bring discredit on the institution by breaking into a private house."

Do your sentence like a man and face life like a man. I know you are one.

JOHN BULL.

Snap them now... and they'll stay young for ever!

See the smiles, *hear* the laughter, *feel* the excitement—that's a good snap! Take snaps like that of your youngsters now. Don't miss an opportunity, there are chances now that may not come again. Good snaps will make happy memories live, keep children forever as they are today.

But be sure they're *good* snaps. In order to get the best, do as all the leading movie directors do—use Kodak Film, the film that *gets* the detail. It's the same in snaps as in movies. Clearness of detail depends on the number of tones that the film records between dead black and pure white. Good film gets many tones, bad film, few. *Kodak Film gets them all.*

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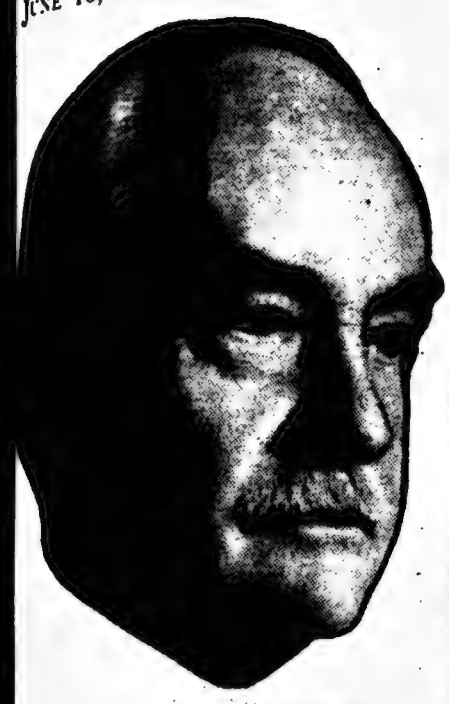

"In America's interest to wash out the debt," said Dr. Butler

by

A. G. Gardiner

I DO not recall any decision which has given more universal satisfaction than that of the Government to make no further payments to the United States, pending a final and agreed settlement of the whole debt question. That decision was long overdue.

It is the last stage in deflating the enormous cloud that has hung like a curse over the world ever since the war. The step should have been taken when the financial crash came in 1931, when the childish illusion that Germany could pay everybody's debts was exploded and when the European Powers practically cleaned the whole slate of war debts. If Germany could pay nobody, it was obvious that nobody could pay America. For the most part, the attempt was not made. France at once shut down her payments and was declared in default. We had less courage. We hoped that America would see that she must clean her slate, too, and in that hope we continued our payments, at first in full, then in the form of "tokens" of our indebtedness.

But the hope was vain. Every sensible person in America knew that the war debt business was as dead as mutton. The most sensible people in America wanted the carcase decently and swiftly buried.

But neither political party would shoulder the responsibility of telling the Americans the truth. Each wanted the other to be saddled with the odium of "letting Europe off."

Then the fire-eating Senator Hiram Johnson, never very friendly to this country, struck a match that has made a final bonfire of the debt business. He did not intend to do that. He intended to do quite the contrary. He induced Congress to pass an Act which made it necessary for us to pay in full or be declared in default and deprived of the privilege of raising public loans in America.

It was a fine stroke—for us. It left us no course but to stop further payments altogether and ring down the curtain on the war debts farce. To meet the bill which Washington has presented would mean that we should have to pay £70,000,000 this year, the equivalent of an addition to the income-tax of something like 1s. 6d. in the £. And it would mean, further, that we had to go on paying nearly £40,000,000 a year for the next half-century!

It is time this nonsense was ended. I have no doubt that President Roosevelt, who is an intelligent man, is glad that it is ended, and I am sure that the best thought of America shares our relief that it is ended. For years eminent Americans, like Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, have implored the Government to wash out the debts, not in our interest but in the interest of America itself.

Stream of venom

There is, of course, a scream of rage from the rag-tag and bobtail of the American Press. "Britain joins the welshers" is the comment of one of the gutter papers, and that inveterate assailant of this country, Mr. Hearst, pours out a stream of venom and insult against us in the *New York American*. I wish I had room to quote some gems from this tirade, but I trust that *Nash's Magazine* and *Good Housekeeping* will find space for some samples to show their readers what their proprietor thinks of this country.

But responsible opinion in America is plainly relieved. The *Washington Post* describes the British reply as "the most complete and reasoned explanation of debt economics which has ever been presented in any official Note." The *New York Herald Tribune* welcomes with a tone of relief "the end of the comedy of token payments," and the *New York Times* declares cheerfully that the "issue [of war debts] is dead both in finance and politics," and looks forward to a time when creditors and debtors will "sit down again and reason together and devise some plan to make their minds and their purses meet."

That is sense, and that is all we ask. We have not repudiated the debt to America. We have simply suspended payment and asked for revision in the light of the economic catastrophe that has befallen the world. The grounds for that revision are overwhelming.

The debt grows

"You hired the money," said the late President Coolidge. It is true. We "hired" the money, but we did not hire it for ourselves. We not only paid our way in the war: we lent to our allies far more than we borrowed from America. We have written off two thousand millions which we lent to France, Italy, Russia and the rest of our allies.

The money we borrowed from America we borrowed because America wanted our security rather than that of our allies. It was borrowed for a war in which America was engaged as much as we were, though she stayed out as long as she could. *Every penny of it was spent in America.* It was spent for commodities for carrying on the war—commodities which were paid for on a grossly excessive scale. During the war we transferred nearly a thousand millions worth of gold and securities to America as backing for the debt.

And what has happened since the war? We made a debt settlement with America on the assumption that our payments to her would be balanced by our receipts from Germany and our European debtors. We asked nothing for ourselves from those debtors in payment of our loans to them beyond what would satisfy the American claim. And we went on paying America. But our debtors did not pay us—or paid us only a trifle. Since the war we have paid America 2,025 million dollars. *And our debt to her today on paper is more than it was when the war ended!* It was 4,277 million dollars then. It is 4,713 million dollars to-day! The more we have paid off the more the debt grows!

Did Britain a good turn—by accident: Fire-eating Senator Johnson

There is another consideration. Even if the debts ought to be paid, America, by her extreme tariff policy, has made payment impossible. The only means of payment is by goods and services, and America refuses both. She does not recognise the dependence of international payments upon the balance of international trade. Until she recognises this she has not learnt the first lesson of this crisis.

A new start

In the face of these facts, is it not plain that the whole question must be revised? But these facts are not all. Events have shown, what has always been maintained in these columns, that the war debts are one of the main causes of the world depression. They have upset the distribution of gold, thrown the exchanges out of gear, destroyed the mechanism of trade and finance and brought the world to the brink of economic ruin.

In the end the European Powers have had to wipe them out. America claims that her debts are in a different category from the rest. They are not. The debts are one and indivisible. Each is dependent on all. They sink or swim together, and until America recognises this interdependence of all the debts there can be no new start for her or for us.

That new start is now possible. America is angry, but she will soon realise that the debts are not only dead, but better dead. They have been a curse to her as they have been a curse to all of us. They may be reconsidered in a cooler atmosphere, but they can never be revived in their old form and magnitude. They will never strangle the world again.

Not from the B.B.C.—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst on—

Emancipated EVE

SUFFRAGETTES were full of beans
Twenty years ago;
Took delight in making scenes,
Fought men as a foe;
Built their golf links, marred their races,
Threw worms in their silly faces;
Thought we held a hand of aces
Twenty years ago!

Freedom thus we hoped to win
Twenty years ago;
In the House we made a din,
Paid the coppers low,
Till Man could no longer brave us;
He the vote at last he gave us,
He who struggled to enslave us
Twenty years ago.

But, though, did we really gain
Sixteen years ago?
For the old Eve was not slain,
And I still don't know
The method to subdue her!
When a mere man comes to woo her
She's a slave—just as we knew her
Twenty years ago!

As one of the pioneers of the women's movement, I have lately been asking myself if the game was worth the scandal. While others were talking of the Derby and the victory of Windsor Lad, I was thinking of a different Derby and a different victory.

My thoughts were of that Derby of thirty years ago when Emily Davison most impetuous of the suffragettes, threw herself in front of the King's horse, and of the victory that at last gave us the vote.

Yet even now the feminine millennium of which we dreamed and screamed has not arrived, and for this the tyrant, Man, cannot honestly be blamed. The truth is that although we defeated Adam, M.P., the eternal Eve remains unconquered.

There has been, as I have stated in the Press, a reaction from the ideal of an intellectual and emancipated womanhood, to be seen in painted lips and nails, and the return of trailing skirts. These are things which betoken the slave relying on sex appeal.

But it was not to enable woman to perfect herself in the arts of the harem that the girls of the Old Brigade bashed in the helmet of P.C.49 and put the "rage" in "suffrage."

When we won woman the vote we hoped that her thoughts would be fixed on the ballot-box rather than the vanity-box. We chained ourselves to the grille so that she might throw off her chains; instead of which she has merely thrown off a few extra articles of wearing apparel.

One way and another, my sex has been a sad disappointment. Man was our enemy during the suffrage war, but woman has become the villain of the peace. Hence my complaint that the average woman is still chiefly concerned with her own dress and her husband's financial prospects.

A home and a man
Was no part of our plan,
For we meant Man to bow to his betters;
And we saw woman stalk
Forth as cock of the walk—
But the creature still clings to her fetters!

Though she swoons not nor faints,
Still she powders and paints;
Though no more addicted to vapours,
When in masculine shorts
She so bravely disports
She cuts the most feminine capers.

She seems without shame
As she plays the old game,
Till I have to admit, though it vexes,
That our work's but half done—
For our fight won't be won
While the race still consists of two sexes!

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FLANNELS (Semi-Oxford cut) at the amazingly low price of 8/- a pair. This is one of the best bargains advertised in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" on page 3. Look for the advt. of The Flannel King.

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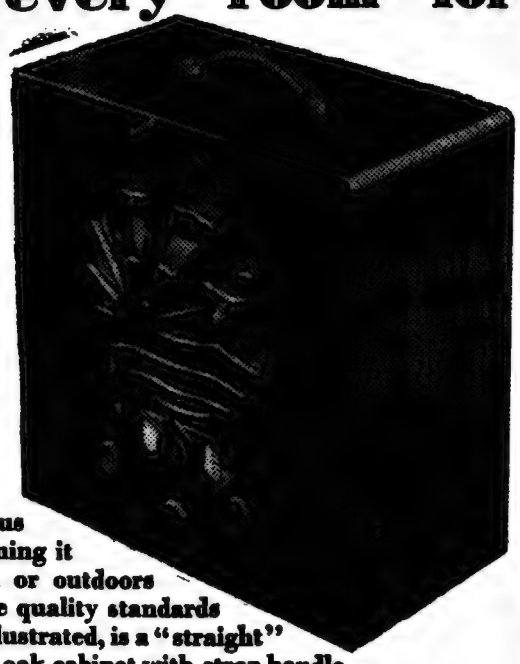

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3,000 BARGAINS and Free Prizes. If you want to save money, get H. Samuel's big bargain book. It's gloriously illustrated and will be sent you gratis and post free. Send a p.c to the address in advt. on page 2.

ARMY AND NAVY BINOCULARS FOR 21/-. For full particulars of this Genuine Surplus offer see Aircraft Products advt. on p. 3. Two bargain Watches are also offered by this firm on the same page.

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

MEN! SAVE Money on Clothes. Perfectly cut British-made Lounge Suit, 19/6 to measure, latest style, single or double-breasted, from Yorkshire Tweeds or fine Worsted Cloths. Send no money. Write NOW for free patterns, self-measure chart and latest fashions to H. Thomas & Co. (Dept. J.B.8), 14, Pitlake Bridge, Croydon.

THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer [illegible] on p. 3.

DON'T overlook PAIN'S cycle offer on p. 35. Get the free bargain catalogue of Ladies' and Gent's models, Race and Sports Tourists, Juveniles, etc.

FREE Bargain Catalogue: Solve your furnishing problems by filling in the coupon in the Jay's Furnishing Stores Advt. on p. 23. Simply post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp and a free copy of this excellent catalogue, crammed full of bargains, will come by return. Address: Jay's Furnishing Stores, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 248, Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

TURN to Bolsoms Sale announcement on p. 31. This offer is crowded with wonderful bargains of amazing values.

FREE.—A copy of "The Book of the Raleigh," which tells all about RALEIGH CYCLES. This is offered in the advt. on p. 33. Simply send a postcard and, when writing, mention *John Bull*.

GREAT Free Offer of Bowls, 120 pairs given away. Write for details. See page 33.

MEN! Preserve your health and fitness by wearing a "Spencer" Supporting Belt.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for free Booklet and further partics. See ad on p. 34.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS from £2 2s., £6 monthly.—BANJOS, GUITARS, DRUMS, etc. 64-p. cat. free.—OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B., 5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

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RHEUMATIC sufferers should turn to the Alfred Bishop offer on p. 37 and write for a free booklet containing dietary chart and an offer of 30 days' trial treatment.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

CASH Waiting for any kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Diamonds, Dental Plates, etc. Highest cash per return. Est 25 yrs. Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10s. or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No deposit, no references required. Call or write for beautifully illustrated Catalogue, also Men's Catlg., sent post free. SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent St., London, W.1.

CHOOSE 6-phrases and win £250 first prize. Hundreds of cash prizes are to be awarded in a simple contest which appears in the ANDREWS LIVER SALT advt. on p. 4. Each entry must be on a separate sheet of notepaper, giving your name and address, mentioning *John Bull*, with an ANDREWS disc attached to each entry. Additional prizes for children of all ages in a simple handwriting competition also appear in the announcement. Turn to it now.

FILL in the coupon in the PEARL ASSURANCE CO.'s advt. on p. 16, and get free particulars of how to provide for your future comfort and independence and protection for your dependents in the event of your death.

A FREE sample of ALLINSON'S BREAD is offered on p. 27. Fill in the coupon for a special voucher entitling you to obtain a full-size Allinson Loaf free. Take advantage of this unique offer and post the coupon in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp now while you think of it.

A FREE sample of Bile Beans will be sent to all readers who write their name and address on a postcard bearing 1d. stamp, also mentioning *John Bull*. This offered appears on p. 31. Turn to this advt. now!

FREE.—The valuable illustrated guide explaining all about Southend-on-Sea and its attractions will be sent to every reader who writes to the Corporation Inquiry Bureau, Pier Hill (21), Southend-on-Sea. See special announcement on p. 16.

A FREE TRIAL SAMPLE of Kolynos Denture Fixative will be sent FREE to readers who write to Kolynos (Dept. F.22), Chenies Street, London, W.C.1. See offer on p. 16.

Free food centres for the hungry is one of Commander Totten's laudable schemes. Did he get the idea from America before his deportation?

A SHAM Christian Army

THAT fine old marching hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," has been adopted as the signature tune of a remarkable organisation called The Christian Army Mission, which, with headquarters in different parts of Ireland, has recently extended its activities to this country.

Although its operations are very laudable, and its meetings conducted with great fervour, we can reveal that The Christian Army Mission is a religious sham of the most blatant kind, and is conducted under the leadership of a number of pastors whose records appear to be as interesting as their religious endeavours.

The Christian Army Mission was formed by a man who passes as "Commander" John Totten. It came into existence, apparently, for the varied purposes of uplifting the masses, bringing new hope to those who have been unfortunate enough to develop wayward tendencies, feeding the hungry, providing the unemployed with work, and spreading a message of religion and good will to all.

Special appeals, which were recently despatched to something like 30,000 people, stated that The Christian Army Mission was opening numerous food-centres and soup-kitchens to alleviate distress, and needed financial help urgently to enable Commander Totten and his colleagues to open and equip workshops in which the lame and the blind could be trained by expert tutors to become self-supporting.

Totten, who is known among his associates as "The Chief," has two principal assistants in his great work. They are known as Commander Robert Boyle ("Second in Command") and Inspector William Flack (Treasurer).

Court case

In the midst of its recent fund-raising campaign a most helpful piece of publicity was given The Christian Army Mission. This took the form of newspaper accounts of a prosecution which was conducted, in dramatic circumstances, at the Belfast Police Court, and appeared under such headings as "Mother Saves Son from Prison," and "Police Court Drama."

The reports told how a young man had just been sentenced to a term of hard labour for obtaining money by fraud in connection with lotteries and for converting it to his own uses.

His mother had struggled towards the magistrate—Mr. H. Toppin, R.M.—and begged tearfully to be permitted to make a special appeal to him.

"I know my boy has been foolish," she pleaded. "But he is a good boy now. . . .

"He has a wife and a six-weeks-old baby, sir, and if he gets this chance he will have nothing more to do with lotteries. They are a curse!"

And to show that there was no doubt that her son's desire to make good was real she added that he "has been converted now, and has become a member of The Christian Mission Army."

Illuminating

After listening sympathetically to her plea, and reconsidering the evidence, the magistrate said he had decided to allow the defendant to go free under the terms of the Probation of Offenders Act—"having regard to the circumstances revealed by his mother."

In view of some of the following facts, which will make illuminating reading indeed when one considers the nature of the "programme" of these ardent and ambitious "Army Missioners," it is of more than passing interest to note that the name of the lucky offender is James Totten.

He happens to be the brother of "The Chief," and, since his unexpected acquittal, has been a most helpful officer in his brother's Christian Army, his conversion to which so providentially saved him from jail.

Well, with all their great ideals and lofty claims, it would be wise to ask what these so-called "Army Missioners" have done—and achieved—with all the money subscribed by unsuspecting but charitably disposed people in response to their appeals?

Where, for example, are all the food-centres and soup-kitchens talked of so emphatically in the literature?

Where, too, are the workshops in which the blind, the maimed and the lame are to be taught to be industrious?

Enquiries in Ireland, where The Christian Army Mission was born, have revealed some disquieting facts.

The actual headquarters of the "Army" is a small hall in the Holywood district of Belfast, where only periodic meetings have taken place.

This derelict establishment, it transpires, has served as the only soup-kitchen, or "food-centre," the organisation has ever opened!

And in its bare and squalid surroundings a very occasional meal has been given to members of the distressed, hungry and hopeless "army" for which the "Army" has so extensively appealed.

Within a few weeks of its being rented the Holywood hall was closed down, and the "headquarters" were moved to an address elsewhere, which turns out to be the house where "Commander" Totten actually resides with his wife and family.

Moreover, many of the addresses which have been printed on The Christian Army Mission's literature as branches of the movement have proved to be used entirely without authority.

A large proportion of the amounts which have been raised, not only through the special circularising appeal already mentioned, but by means of carefully planned house-to-house collections, has gone directly into the pockets of the collectors; while "Commandant" Totten has so far failed to issue any audited accounts of his receipts, or give any indication of the expenses, or as to what sums he and his colleagues have deducted for themselves.

Perhaps such reticence may not be surprising when we say that Totten was originally a member of a notorious Scottish "charity," which has been the subject of continual criticism for years on account of its impudently staged, fund-raising appeals in Ireland, Scotland, England and Wales.

After he drifted from this concern, and following a brief spell with the Salvation Army, he opened an upholstery business which failed in circumstances which presented a financial dilemma—for others.

Arrested

Then he migrated to America, where he obtained money by various means of fraud and eventually enjoyed the distinction of being arrested and deported as an undesirable.

Following these unedifying experiences, he decided that it would be a profitable business to start a "mission" of his own.

Hence The Christian Army Mission!

And—what of his chief lieutenants?

Let us deal first with "Commander" Robert Boyle—otherwise the "Second in Command." He is a man who is known to Scotland Yard and many provincial police chiefs as a barefaced rogue.

He has been to jail on several occasions for fraud, and for improperly obtaining charity subscriptions.

Once he ran a mythical "Sailors' Home Rest Camp" at Chatham and, obtaining money through the medium of extravagant literature, disappeared with all the proceeds.

On another occasion he collected contributions from various people for the ostensible purpose of establishing a farm on which unemployed men could be given work.

Although the farm never materialised, he received a well-deserved term of imprisonment for misappropriating the money he thus obtained, and, as a result, earned a nickname among his prison friends as "Farmer" Boyle.

Not long ago, just before he bestowed his esteemed patronage upon Totten's Christian Army Mission, he emerged from jail after serving a sentence.

Dud appeals

And even since he has been acting as "Second in Command" of Totten's concern, he has admitted to the authorities that he has been obtaining money fraudulently in the name of the Cripples' Institute Society—a reputable concern which had no idea that he was using its honoured name to raising funds which went into his own pocket!

And last, what of Mr. Flack—the Treasurer?

He, it must be frankly admitted, is in a category much less colourful than his colleagues, but nevertheless has a bad reputation for being associated with mushroom charities.

There, briefly, is the real status of The Christian Army Mission.

And, as appeals for funds have already reached this country, and we can disclose the fact that "Commander" John Totten has latterly been staying in London on a prolonged but mysterious "business" visit, it is to be hoped that this exposure will be in time to prevent any repetition here of the impudent operations that Totten and his shady colleagues have so successfully carried out elsewhere in the names of both religion and charity.

The Human Machine

THE THING *that* COUNTS

IF you want to achieve a reputation for something that matters, get the reputation of being the sort of person whom nothing can rattle. Get the reputation of being the sort of person who is never hurried, never flurried, never worried.

The really educated man is not the man who has stuffed his head full of facts and figures, and crammed his brain with indigestible loads of knowledge. He is the man who has learned how to control and manage his mental forces. He is the man who can direct the whole of these forces to one problem at a time and solve it rapidly and accurately.

And he is the man who can't be rattled. He can't be rattled because he is never using more power than he can employ usefully. He can't be worried because he has achieved poise—he has learned how to avoid losing mental energy by thinking useless thoughts, and to do away with all turmoil and friction in the running of his mental machinery.

And this is in everyone's power to achieve. If you saw an engineer, in charge of a complicated machine, allowing that machine to tear and rattle itself to bits, you would sneer at him, wouldn't you?

Why do you—the engineer in charge of your own mental machine—allow friction, and waste, and overloading? Why don't you take charge of your own machine and look after it?

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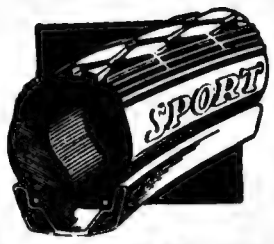

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£1,050 Won in Crossword Competition No. 261.

In the above Competition, solutions containing one error were received from the following twenty-one competitors who share the £850 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £40 9s. 7d. will be sent :

E. Armstrong, Summerbridge, nr. Harrogate ; C. N. Attfield, 3, Swan Hill Road, Scarborough ; Mrs. F. Bassett, 65, Hart Road, Erdington, Birmingham ; W. Bell, 74, South Audley Street, London, W.1 ; A. Bradley, 30, Brown Street, Northenden, Manchester ; Miss E. Buckley, 14, Buckley Street, Chadderton, Lancs ; S. W. Drewett, 174, Monkton, nr. Swindon ; C. Garnett, Woodthorpe, Crowthorne, Berks ; H. Goswell, 51, St. John's Road, Caversham, Reading ; Mrs. A. Gray, Harringworth, Kettering ; C. Joy, 99, Shirley Road, Manchester ; R. E. Knowlson, 4, Overton Street, Edge Hill, Liverpool ; Miss S. Lewis, 56, Pentre Road, Maerdy, Rhondda, Glam. ; A. Light, 72, London Road, Camberley ; E. Marsh, 17, Clarendon Place, Landport, Portsmouth ; W. C. Morris, 96, Sutherland Road, Southsea ; Miss A. G. Mountford, 5, Buxton Road, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead ; G. Pike, 83, Paynes Road, Southampton ; Mrs. F. Stanton, Primrose Hill Farm, Caynham, Ludlow, Salop ; Miss E. M. Taylor, 4, Chestnut Avenue, Walthamstow, E.17 ; E. G. Wadlow, St. Denys, Dumpton Park Drive, Broadstairs.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, June 26th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 171 competitors from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive 11s. 9d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above cash awards, each of the competitors sharing the Runners-up Prize will receive a Bonus Award value £2—a Season Ticket providing 20 Free Entries for our contest.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 259 : Thirty-three competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered, and payments of £3 0s. 9d. have been despatched.

Another Splendid Crossword Offer with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £5 a Month and £200 Cash, together with increased prizes for Runners-up appears on Page 36. Try your skill now!

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By taking advantage of the new "Pearl" Pension Assurance scheme you can obtain not only a pension suited to your needs but also full life assurance protection for your dependents in the event of your death before the pension age.

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A cash payment of **£625** and a life income of **£250** a year or instead of the income a further cash payment of **£2,500.**

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(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

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A boon to singers, speakers, clergy and business people. Sold by all chemists in patent sprinkler convenient for pocket or handbag.

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4d. PER QR.

A Queer Social Service League

Woman WITH 12,000 Jobs FOR Sale

It is from these imposing headquarters that Miss Erleen Victoria Whorrod is conducting her nation-wide campaign.

Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

A MIDDLE-AGED woman of attractive appearance and pleasing manners has made her appearance as a new saviour of Society, with headquarters at a large house in Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, London.

She is Miss Erleen Victoria Whorrod, Director of the British Industries Social League, Ltd., an organisation of her own creation, of which branches are to be founded in every important town in the country.

Her campaign began with a small advertisement in a London newspaper, which read as follows:

"Business Manager required. Must be experienced.—Write B., Box 40."

Those who replied received a letter from the British Industries Social League, Ltd., arranging an interview.

The fact that a League with such an imposing title could not afford printed letter-headings did not inspire confidence, but I happen to know that many men have called to seek further information.

They found that the address of the League was a large and imposing house, which had once been a private hotel.

Man in green

A man in green uniform opened the door and ushered callers into a large room on the ground floor, where the sole furniture consisted of three chairs and a small table.

Let me cite the experience of one applicant, who was taken with some ceremony to an adjoining room, which boasted a little more furniture. A portrait of Miss Erleen Victoria Whorrod smiled down from the mantelpiece. A few moments later Miss Whorrod herself appeared, complete with smile and engaging manner.

The proposition she outlines on such occasions is both simple and ingenious. It appears that Area Managers are required who will be responsible for enrolling members of the British Industries Social League, Ltd., who will pay a membership fee of a shilling a week.

In return for this they are to be entitled to all sorts of benefits, including cheap food and cheaper clothing.

It is all so beautifully simple. The League is about to open factories in various parts of the country for the production of goods which are to be sold to members at exceptionally cheap rates. It is, in fact, to be a gigantic anti-profiteering organisation.

Huge scheme

The salary for an Area Manager is to be £3 a week plus a commission ranging from 1 to 5 per cent. according to the size of the area. According to the enthusiastic Miss Whorrod, there is no limit to the possibilities of the League.

Each Area Manager must in turn engage canvassers, who will obtain members from the fields, factories and workshops of the country.

A poster campaign for the purpose of enlisting members is to be organised, and managers will be provided with special uniforms supplied by the League.

No less than 12,000 of these Area Managers are to be appointed, according to Miss Whorrod, and within a month the organisation will be starting up all over the country.

When pressed as to how long the League has been in existence, Miss Whorrod replied quite candidly that it is "just beginning its career." Everything, therefore, is very much in the air.

But this fact does not deter Miss Whorrod from asking each Area Manager to put up £10 by way of security before being appointed at a salary of £3 a week.

From which it is obvious that if the League succeeds in engaging 12,000 men who each put down this sum, Miss Whorrod will have the nice little total of £120,000 for her good work, plus the shilling a week from enrolled members.

Exactly how and when this enthusiastic woman is going to get the factories in the provinces in working order for the production of cheap food and clothing for members is not clear.

Incidentally, the salary list for 12,000 managers at £3 a week will amount to the substantial sum of £36,000 a week, or £1,872,000 a year!

How Miss Whorrod, with all her enthusiasm, will shoulder this salary bill and at the same time open up factories here, there and everywhere is something of a mystery.

In fact, there are many things about this fantastic scheme which leave one wondering. So much so that I urge those who have got into touch with this League to think twice before paying money as a means of obtaining appointments as managers.

Investigation concerning this organisation does nothing to inspire confidence. The British Industries Social League, Ltd., possesses a paid-up capital of exactly two shillings, for two shares which are held by Miss Erleen Victoria Whorrod, who also holds the remaining 19,998 shares in the concern, which have not been paid for in cash, but are allotted to Miss Whorrod, presumably by herself for "services rendered."

The League was registered in March, 1929, with a nominal capital of £1,000 divided into one shilling shares. The original address was at Manor Road, Blackburn. At that time a certain Viscount de Mandnit was interested in the scheme, but he appears to have fallen by the wayside.

There is no indication that the League has since its inception done anything except change the address of its registered office at frequent intervals.

On the move

From Blackburn the League appears to have moved to London, and the registered office given at that time was that of a luxurious hotel in the heart of the West End.

That this was a piece of astonishing audacity will be apparent when I state that Miss Whorrod stayed at this hotel for exactly eleven days, and had certainly no right to use this palatial establishment as the registered address of her precious League!

The next move was to Cecil Chambers, Strand, where the League existed for a short time before moving to an address in Gildredge Road, Eastbourne.

Now Miss Whorrod has removed her League, complete with its paid-up capital of two shillings, to a commodious house in Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park.

It so happens that Miss Whorrod does run several small hotels or boarding-houses in Eastbourne.

For this reason I am left wondering why she does not concentrate on the hotels and abandon this pretentious scheme of attempting to extract £10 deposits from Area Managers and a shilling a week from hard-working people for the doubtful privilege of becoming members of a nebulous League.

Investigations reveal that her scheme happens to be similar in many respects to that of a certain Mr. E. H. Adamson, of Ringwood Road, Eastbourne, who until recently was sending out wordy circulars about his Volunteer Mutual Aid Society.

This philanthropist modestly hoped to raise a subscription of £20,000,000 "by instalments, if desired, of £1 per person of employed and unemployed professional and trade population."

Executive positions in the Volunteer Mutual Aid Society were to be sold for cash to the highest bidder with suitable qualifications. The salary was to vary according to the person's ability to serve the society.

Mr. Adamson, with a touching fondness for figures, worked it out to his own satisfaction that if 3,000,000 people each subscribed a penny a day for six days, for a period of four weeks, the sum raised would amount to £300,000.

Shun them

This sum would then be distributed between London, Cardiff, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Birmingham and Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Factories were to be erected in each area and production was to proceed apace—once the money was in.

For no less than four foolscap pages of closely printed type Mr. Adamson enlarged on the wonders of his Volunteer Mutual Aid Society.

There was obviously no limit to his enthusiasm.

It happens that Mr. Adamson's address was an unpretentious house on the outskirts of Eastbourne, but recently he has moved to some other premises, from which he may still be attempting to obtain subscriptions.

The marked similarity about the scheme of Miss Erleen Victoria Whorrod, of Eastbourne, and that of Mr. E. H. Adamson, also, until recently, of Eastbourne, is worth noting.

Both are planned on the same ambitious scale, and both should be unhesitatingly shunned.

THE

Hidden Hurt

"IT'S not serious, really."

We all know brave little people who speak like that. They fall heavily. A cricket ball hits them in the face A knife slips.

Not serious, really, when compared with the major tragedies of life. But you know, when you hear them dismiss it so lightly, that they are bravely trying to hide their hurts.

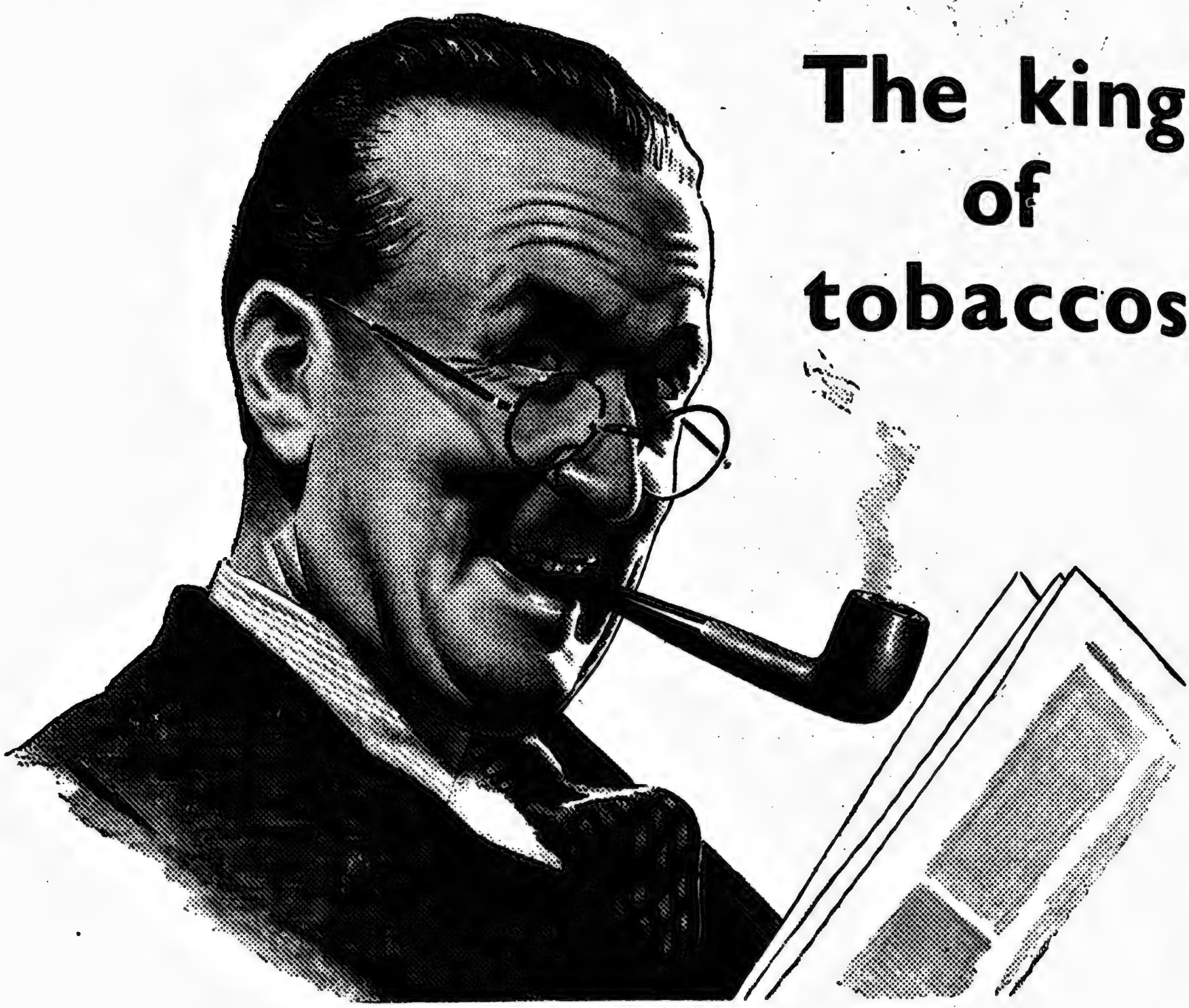
Misfortune overtook a Sussex family recently—a fire in the kitchen that did damage they could ill afford to meet. The husband being away, a next-door neighbour took charge of fire-fighting operations.

"I know it was not a serious fire," the wife wrote, when telling us all about it, "but it might have been if it had not been for the plucky man living next door."

But wasn't it serious? Another passage in her letter shows that she was bravely hiding up her hurt. "My husband is a gardener, and it has been a rotten time for them lately," she says, "and then I go and burn things up."

Fortunately we were able to allay the anxiety she felt in her heart. Because her husband had signed such a form as is reprinted to-day for your use on page 2, we made ourselves responsible for the damage to that family's personal property.

There are many possible calamities of a far worse description that would be "not serious, really," if you took precautions against them by signing that form now.



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SCANDAL of a FAMOUS SHOWBOAT

Amazing Pleasure Cruise Fiasco

CRUISING on the Manchester Ship Canal—a new excitement of summer days for the people of Lancashire.

With a good deal of advertising, this entertainment project was recently launched.

Each day a pleasure steamer was to sail from Trafford Wharf, Manchester, down the thirty-six miles of the great canal out into the Mersey estuary and back again.

The people of Manchester were to be given an opportunity—at a cheap fare of 5s. 6d. a head for each cruise—to see their own canal from the inside.

As an additional attraction the various bars in the ship were to be open for the whole period of each trip, and there was to be dancing in a "ballroom" saloon.

Rather an alluring prospect, having regard to the general amenities of life in Manchester. A rollicking, adventurous day on the Ship Canal, with no uncomfortable disturbance of wind and waves.

"Excellent catering and music on board" declared the promoters on their advertising leaflets. "Magnificent fitted dining saloons; ladies' lounge; café; tea-room, and American bar (fully licensed), where meals and refreshments can be obtained at popular prices."

In the mud

So popular was the scheme that heavy bookings were made in advance. Numbers of tickets were sold, and special parties for the calm canal water voyages arranged.

But although the *project* was launched with a great flourish, the good *ship* that was to carry the adventurers never was.

Instead of cleaving a happy way along the canal, her decks crowded with excursionists, she lies to-day at her moorings on the mud of Shoreham Harbour, Sussex, in charge of a "maintenance party" of a caretaker and his wife.

Officially the cruises have been "cancelled until further notice."

Actually the venture has collapsed—a disastrous fiasco—carrying with it the loss of considerable sums of money, and a roll of unpaid debts.

In addition, there is the liability of the promoters to the members of the ship's crew, who were engaged and left stranded without pay and without food aboard the steamer in Shoreham Harbour.

Behind the scenes of this attempt to run pleasure voyages on the Manchester Ship Canal lies a remarkable story, and it is in the public interest that the full facts, as obtained by the investigation of JOHN BULL, should be made known.

Overdose of optimism

For very considerable harm and hardship is caused by speculative undertakings, such as this one was, organised without sufficient capital by persons with no financial background.

A certain Capt. Andrew Hardie, a master mariner in the mercantile marine, hailing originally from Aberdeen, but lately a resident at a house in Chester Road, Stretford, Manchester, was the prime mover in the scheme.

We would say this of Capt. Andrew Hardie, that he is a man whose optimism outruns his discretion. Other people who have suffered through his unbalanced optimism would probably use harder words to describe him.

One of Captain Hardie's regrettable failings is the way in which he gives cheques without due consideration of the funds available to meet them.

"Show Boat" on the Thames before she was involved in her present disastrous venture

Just stupid

So, in the first instance, we have Capt. Hardie evolving the scheme for Ship Canal sailings, and securing an advance of funds from a few personal "backers."

An approach was also made to a firm of caterers in Manchester, who provided money, in exchange for the privilege of providing refreshments on the steamer.

The question then arose of the purchase of a suitable pleasure boat. The original vessel chosen was the *Duchess of Devonshire*, an old paddle-ship owned by an Exeter company, which used to ply in the holiday months out of Exmouth and Torquay.

Difficulties arose, however, in bringing the *Duchess* to Manchester, and in consequence the sale did not go through.

Yet advertisements, bearing the name and picture of the *Duchess of Devonshire* and her first canal sailing on Saturday, May 12, had already appeared in Manchester.

It was pure foolishness of the promoters to advertise definite sailings before they had secured possession of a ship, for it meant a postponement and the disappointment of members of the public who had bought tickets.

Captain Hardie then began prospecting for another steamer, and in his search arrived at Shoreham.

There he saw the *Show Boat*, resting on the mud banks, after an unsuccessful season as a river club house.

"The ship for me," said Captain Andrew Hardie.

Far better from an advertisement point of view the famous *Show Boat* than the plain *Duchess of Devonshire*, for this self-same old packet—built as long ago as 1879 and christened the *Alexandra*—had served a gay season on the Thames, giving London the novelty of midnight cabaret and supper parties afloat.

Not only had she enjoyed much useful publicity, but her fittings and her cabins and her bars made the *Show Boat* ideal for the purpose of the canal cruises.

Without question Manchester would rather have the famous *Show Boat*, with her already acquired atmosphere of gaiety, than any other pleasure steamer bargain.

WATCH OUT next week for the greatest Free Gift Offer ever made—it is "John Bull's" wonderful Birthday Celebration Offer—something valuable and unparalleled in the history of journalism.

Negotiations were at once opened for Capt. Hardie taking over the ship. He made an offer to purchase her, which was accepted, and he paid over a cheque for the first instalment of the agreed price.

Orders were given to a firm of London ship repairers to overhaul the vessel in preparation for her voyage to Manchester.

A party of twenty engineers and craftsmen were sent from London to Shoreham to carry out this work, and, in due course, the *Show Boat* was made ready for sea, her engines reconditioned and tested.

Captain Hardie engaged a skipper and a crew of five to take the ship from Shoreham to Manchester, and it was arranged that when they arrived they should sign Board of Trade articles for the period of the canal cruising.

At this stage, however, the financial resources of Captain Hardie became exhausted. The ship repairing firm found that they could not get payment for their bill of approximately £200 from him.

She stayed put

And in addition the cheque for the first instalment on the purchase of the ship was returned from the bankers.

There were no funds to meet it!

Just when the *Show Boat* was all ready for the longest trip she had ever taken—Shoreham Harbour to Manchester—and a tug had been ordered to assist her in leaving her friendly mud bank, the original owner of the ship intervened to stop her leaving.

So confident was Captain Hardie that he would be able to secure possession of the *Show Boat* that he telegraphed instructions for the skipper to leave Shoreham, and he had provided for kinematograph operators to be waiting at Manchester to film the ship when she arrived in all her glory.

But the gaudy old *Show Boat* remained and still remains in the Sussex port.

The plight of the crew and the stewardess was a parlous one. They had received no wages from Captain Hardie. After a fortnight their credit with local tradesmen was exhausted and they could obtain no food. For several days they went hungry.

Eventually the skipper and the chief engineer obtained an advance of two pounds from a bank manager, and travelled to London to tackle Captain Hardie in the hotel at which he was residing.

Openly Captain Hardie confessed that there was no more money available to the promoters of the project, and that he could not help them in any way.

And that was the sorry end of holiday cruising on the Manchester Ship Canal!

They're wondering

The members of the crew, who had hoped so much from their engagement, disbanded, and on borrowed money made their several ways from Shoreham to home. The skipper who was to have taken the ship to sea was glad to accept the post of caretaker on the once again forsaken *Show Boat*.

Meanwhile the creditors of Captain Hardie are wondering what kind of prospects they have of ever getting from him the money which is due.

His backers have lost, and, in addition to the debts for reconditioning the ship, there are hotel proprietors in London and Shoreham whose accounts have not been met.

The original plan of Captain Hardie to move the *Show Boat* to the Manchester Ship Canal may have been an excellent one, but his conduct of the business affairs is open to the strongest possible condemnation.

In short it is nothing less than a scandal that a project of this kind should have been started by a man without the necessary resources.

We do not envy the immediate future of Captain Andrew Hardie with a pack of outraged creditors in full cry.

DROUGH

If the worst happens—

—and the water-tap runs dry, what measures will our rulers adopt to fight the famine?

"WHAT will happen if a water famine comes?" That is what everyone is wondering to-day. With fourteen months of drought behind us and a summer ahead that promises to be at least as dry as that of last year, the problem of how this country will face the situation if the worst happens daily becomes more acute.

Will life in these islands of ours be revolutionised "for the duration" of a great drought—seeing that in the distant past droughts of lesser duration have been as productive of death, sickness and misery as have wars? Will there be a pooling of supplies to ensure that vast tracts would not be barren of water while others managed reasonably well? Will it be possible to safeguard our great industries, which are so dependent on plentiful water supplies? And what will happen in the home—will the domestic water-tap cease to flow?

These questions, which are already puzzling many of the people responsible for giving us water whenever we want it, will soon be demanding the attention of the average phlegmatic Englishman who can see no danger in the situation while his taps respond to a touch the whole twenty-four hours round.

To the rescue

We are already beginning to find out what will happen. Almost unnoticed, we have already begun to develop the emergency system that will be necessary over the whole kingdom, within three or four months from now, unless copious and frequent rains come to allay the danger.

Manchester, with her own resources seriously depleted, is already lending water to Liverpool, whose biggest reservoir at Rivington, near Bolton, is so low that at one point it is possible to walk across the bed of it.

London, whose existence as a great metropolis would have been impossible without the Thames, and who is faced with the fact that the flow of water down her life-giving river is only one-third of what it was this time last year, has already assumed the moral responsibility of supplying the needs of her water-starved neighbours.

She is supplying Croydon, who always proud of her independent supply, has now had to link herself up with the Thames supply through a special pipe line. And she is diverting water eastwards to meet the acute shortage in the Lee Valley and northwards to stay the water famine in a host of villages lying in that direction.

An even better idea of what is coming if the drought continues can be gained from the fact, which JOHN BULL can now reveal, that to-day seven leading water authorities, who are none too satisfied as to their own ability to meet their obligations, are lending a hand in this way to hard-pressed neighbours, and that if the position doesn't improve in the next month or so one-sixth of England will be safeguarded by then by neighbourly agreements of this kind.

Then a standing committee of experts has been appointed to deal with difficulties as they arise.

There is tremendous significance in these emergency measures. The reason is that they leave no doubt about what is going to happen unless the heavens open—and open soon.

We are going to be forced by bitter necessity to view the all-important question of our water supply as a national problem.

We are going to recognise that droughts and floods are not different problems, but one—that floods are the dissipation of water that could save us from famine if we embarked on a proper national scheme of controlled drainage and conservation.

Finally, we are going to be forced in having that national water "grid" which we would have had years ago if it had not been shelved by successive Governments.

More than 300 years ago, when Plymouth craved water at a time when Dartmoor had plenty, Sir Francis Drake had thirty miles of channels dug—twenty-four miles of which can be seen to-day—and so equalised the water supply over the whole district. It was the first water "grid."

If water famine comes over the whole of Britain we are going to have similar links between all the reservoirs of the country, forerunner of a permanent system of pooling that the whole country will demand.

Maidstone consumers will not be expected to have no more than one bath a week, and then only in three inches of water, as at present—while the Thames has enough water to spare.

And places near Bristol, that at the moment are suffering from tonsilitis epidemics due to lack of water, will not be expected to put up with such conditions while there are fairly copious supplies within thirty miles or so.

The foreigner's way

Swindon recently planned to sink a series of artesian wells to satisfy her needs of 3,000,000 gallons a day. She stopped after sinking the first, because it gave her all she needed. But she will sink another if the needs of neighbouring towns demand it.

The Lancashire towns that are wondering how many weeks their mills and bleaching factories can continue before lack of water for their boilers brings them to a standstill will know that they will get their fair share of the national supplies. Hundreds of such anachronisms have got to be swept away.

Let us look at the position of

HT—the MENACE that FACES US

places that would consider themselves well-off with a quarter of Britain's normal rainfall per acre, and yet get along nicely without it.

Gibraltar, for instance, is a barren rock, inhabited by a very concentrated population at that. Yet she keeps her inhabitants well supplied by collecting water in reservoirs from her shelving sides and then distributing it fairly.

By skilful conservation and careful distribution Madeira and Majorca sustain populations three times bigger than would be possible if, in the matter of water supplies, they let each district look after itself, as we do in Britain. Half the population of countries like Italy would die out from lack of water if they treated water with the same lack of respect as we do.

Here, after twelve months of nation-wide shortage, our Prime Minister informed the House of Commons that "the Government was watching the situation," and the only national scheme for improving the water supply was an offer of £1,000,000, of which, after several months, not a single penny had been disbursed.

But temporary measures of distributing our supplies fairly over the whole country will not end all our worries if water famine comes.

We shall have to turn to sea water as a partial solution. Vast condensing stations will be erected round the coast, on the cheapest sites available, yet as near as possible to reservoirs linked up with the national system.

Sea water will be converted into drinking water and fed into the national pool.

Already it is done in parts of the world that suffer more often than we from the effects of drought. In Chile, in fact, it is used as a regular means of augmenting the scanty natural water supply.

Simultaneous with the step, we shall begin to probe the vast underground supplies of water which we know exist, but the scale of which we do not know.

One of the scandals of our mismanagement of the water question is that we have never given the "dowsers" or water diviners a real chance. If we had, many of the villages now suffering acutely might have been saved from water famine by forty-feet wells.

We shall bore down our artesian wells not merely to a depth of 100 feet, beyond which we rarely go, but to 300, 400 and even 500 feet.

What result we may expect is a matter of conjecture. It may be, as some experts have said, that deep down in subterranean lakes are sufficient supplies to satisfy all our needs.

But how far do these very deep supplies become dissipated as a result of a year or more of drought? That is a question we must settle by actual test.

What famine means

All these changes—if the worst happens and they come about—will be a side of the War for Water that our forty-odd million water consumers will not see. But there will be plenty to remind them of the herculean efforts being made behind the scenes on their behalf.

Life will, indeed, be as different during a great water famine as during a Great War.

Yet let us not listen to the scaremongering prophecies that are even now being made as to what would befall us. The terrible consequences of previous disastrous droughts in our history could not be repeated today, in times when Science could come to our aid.

Always enough

Think of some of these horrors of past water famines—the Medway bone dry and the vast district it supplied thirsting; the Thames so low that it could be crossed on foot at Westminster and on horseback at London Bridge; every meadow in the country, even the marshlands, cracked and crumbling.

Fruit dried on the trees. Corn of such a bullet-hardness that it was unusable. Grass falling to powder at a touch. The country pestered with plagues of fleas, flies, gnats and other insects.

Sweats and agues affected the healthiest people, and deadly fevers took toll of the lives of thousands. Farm stock died and rotted unburied in the scorched fields. Dogs died in thousands.

Such nightmares belong to the days when reservoirs were few or non-existent, transport insufficient to carry supplies for one-tenth of the population, and the nation was dependent on wells, streams, springs and other natural sources that readily dried up.

Such improvements had been made by 1887—a very bad drought year—that it passed with no worse results than the closing of hundreds of factories, mills and quarries, the sale of water in the villages at 3d. a bucket, distribution over vast areas by the railway companies, of supplies rationed out by village stationmasters, and dear food due to the failure of crops.

No, we have progressed too far for such things to recur in the year 1934.

Even the remotest rural areas far away from the national water-grid scheme would be reached by giant tankers carried by rail and lorry, augmented by the thousands of water-carts owned by the Royal Engineers, the Territorials, the Royal Army Service Corps and the thousands of local authorities.

It will be the job of the police to see that the "water hogs" get no more than their share, as the "food hogs" did during the Great War.

How could they see what a family took from its tap? you might ask. Wouldn't it be possible to take as much in an hour—supposing the hours of supply were cut to one—as one takes normally in a day?

Exactly, and for that reason taps would cease to matter, if water famine comes. Tap supplies would be cut off altogether. Rationing would be carried out at "water-heads," as in the old days. Each person would go to the nearest water-cock and draw his or her proper ration under police supervision—no more and no less.

No, it will not be as terrible as some people imagine, if water famine comes. Not as bad for everybody, given fair distribution, as it is for many people already. Unless, of course, the Government hopelessly mismanages the whole business.

Deplorable inaction

But can we be sure that the Government will not hopelessly mismanage things?

Despite the fact that last year's rainfall was the lowest on record, it did nothing. Although the rainfall to date this year is even scantier than that in the same period of last year, Whitehall is still smugly complacent and inactive.

Like previous Governments, this one has been too short-sighted to give us a grid or in any way regard the water question as a national problem. Quite cheerfully it has allowed the supply of this most important of all needs to be in the hands of thousands of concerns, some very antagonistic to each other, and many so small that they can ill afford a few hundred pounds on improvements even when public health demands improvement.

A blessing?

Let our rulers face up to the fact that as we extend our cities, tar our roads, turn meadows into well-drained sports fields, and so on, we are reducing our water-collecting surfaces at a time when the population is increasing and the individual demands for water are steadily going up.

Let them then recognise that our out-of-date system of collecting, conserving and distributing water—which is no system at all, really, seeing that it just "grew" like Topsy—is totally inadequate for our present-day needs.

Let them learn that by proper drainage all over the country we can obviate the twin evils of water famine and flood.

If they do that, the great drought of 1933-34—the longest since the keeping of records began, although fortunately unaccompanied by any extended period of blistering heat, *and which has not ended yet*—will not have been in vain.

A queue at the one potent tap in a water-starved village. Such scenes as this should make us realise at last how precious water really is; and even Whitehall may be moved to recognise the gravity of the present situation.

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"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories—81

"What that letter meant to me! I came out of the raging torrents of dark despair into the clear, calm bay of peace." The shadow of the knife was lifted . . .

I STABBED my BROTHER . .

IT is six years since I stabbed my brother and fled from my father's house in South America; six years since that awful night when I plunged the knife deep in his side. But let me tell you my story from the beginning:

I was born in Buenos Aires in 1908, and although both my parents were of Scottish birth, I seemed to have inherited the fiery temperament of the Southern races, and this temperament was responsible for the tragedy which played havoc with my life.

I lived in South America until I was old enough to attend a school in England to complete my education, and it was the year after I had left the English school, and returned to live with my parents and elder brother on the outskirts of Buenos Aires, that my story opens.

My parent's home was a long, stone house standing in a walled-in courtyard on a hillside. Our nearest neighbours were several miles away, but a branch line telephone connected us with civilisation and our garage housed an ancient car which we used for getting to town—the only other means of transport we possessed being horses.

It was usual for my parents to go away together for a short holiday each year, and this year they had decided to take the two maidservants with them, leaving my brother and I alone.

They had been gone three days when the telephone bell rang—the real start of the terrible thing that followed—and I picked up the receiver. A feminine voice came faintly to me over the wire, asking for my brother.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

I recognised the voice: it was that of a girl living in Buenos Aires with whom my brother was very friendly. I do not know what made me act as I did, but when she said over the 'phone—"There's a seamen's dance on at the club to-night. Ask Toni if he'll take me"—I told her that my brother was ill.

"Nothing serious," I added hastily, "just a chill. But he's spending the day in bed. Still, I could take you—may I?"

She was quite willing and the whole thing was settled.

It was afternoon. That morning my brother had ridden over to our nearest neighbours and had not yet returned. I left for town in the old car almost immediately after the girl had rung off, and got away before he came home.

At the time—I remember the feeling so clearly—the whole affair seemed great fun to me, and I was really enjoying it. I saw no harm in my deception whatsoever; I saw only a rather exciting joke against my brother.

The girl and I spent a jolly evening together. She was fun, and the dance itself was a lively one and a great success. When I bade her good-night afterwards we both voted it had been a very enjoyable evening—and that was the last I saw of *her*.

I returned home in high spirits, rehoused the old car in the garage, and then went into the house.

In the long, low-ceilinged living-room I found my brother. He was standing with his hands clenched at his sides.

"Where have you been?" he demanded angrily.

But I knew that he needed no answer; that somehow he had found out, for he sprang at me like a mad thing, and the next moment we were rolling on the floor.

At times he was on the top, and at times I was. But I was getting the worst of the tussle by far—my brother was both taller and heavier than I—and my temper rose rapidly. . . .

Somehow I broke from him and scrambled to my feet. I tottered over to the table which he had set with his supper. Somehow I picked up the bread knife. . . .

I remember seeing him fall back over a chair, with the wooden handle of the long knife standing out from his side . . . I remember standing there, spellbound.

I stood there, transfixed with horror; then I moved forward and leaned over him. His eyes were closed, his breath was coming in short, hissing jerks. Terror-stricken, I rushed from his side.

I never returned to that room. I could not gather enough courage. And, later that night, after I had regained a little of my self-control I collected together a few of my belongings and left in the old car for Buenos Aires.

A few days later I had signed on for three years in the Brazilian Army—that Foreign Legion of South America where no questions are asked, and where the arm of the law seldom reaches.

Those three years seemed never-ending. Alone with the deep damnation of my terrible deed, I strove to work out a penance.

From that awful night when I had left my brother lying there and fled, I had had no news from my home.

The nights were the worst, for my secret was soul-searing and burnt throbbingly in my brain. Often as I lay awake in the darkness of the barrack room the words of Kipling's poem, which I had read so often at the English school, would drift back to me:

". . . Every secret self-revealing,
On the aching, white-washed ceiling. . . ."

And on the dull grey stretch above me I would see again my brother lying there. . . .

But during the daytime one had not much time to think, and at last those three years came to an end; at last I shed the blue uniform of the Brazilian Army for civilian clothes.

With money I had saved during my military service I managed to get to England, and finally arrived in London.

London in 1930, where the unemployed seemed almost to outnumber those employed, and where I was a stranger. At first it appeared to me a strange, unfriendly town. The English school of happier years had been in the North; I had never ventured South before.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Maybe the atmosphere at the small hotel I stayed at near Euston was responsible for this impression. It was a dreary place, the windows blocked with dusty aspidistras, and the guests an odd assortment of elderly men and women who looked for all the world as if they had been dug up and dumped there.

Then, one evening, I joined the tail-end of a queue and found myself in the gallery of a West End theatre, and at my side was sitting the vivid little typist who was destined to mean so much to my future.

She spoke first, asking if I had enough room. We were squeezed together among a mass of others on the topmost tier of the balcony. Far below stretched the stage.

I lied that I had ample room, and

(Continued on page 24)

SSH! It's still a secret—but next week you will be invited to accept a magnificent 25s. Free Gift—a superb . . . . but wait for it. You'll know in seven days' time. See next week's "John Bull."

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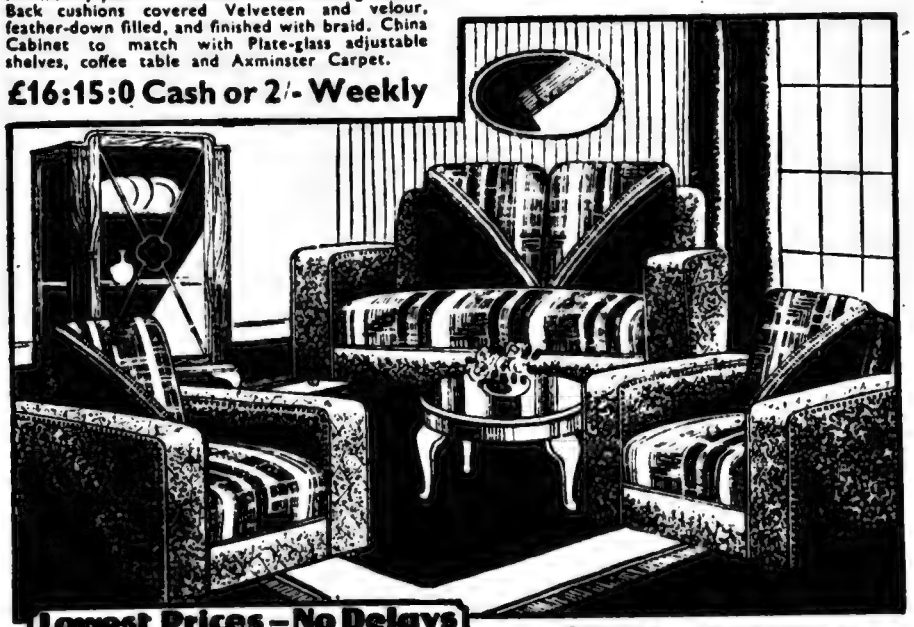

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I Stabbed My Brother—Continued from page 22

A LETTER that Changed my Life

asked her the same question. She lied as I had done, and then, as she did not appear to have a programme I asked her to share mine.

At the first interval we got to know one another better, and at the second better still. At the end of the show I asked her if she would join me in a coffee.

She agreed.

"I live within walking distance of the West End," she said, "and as I live alone there's no one to trouble about the time I get in."

Over the coffee I told her that I also lived alone, and then, bit by bit, I gave her an account of my past life, omitting, of course, the terrible secret; I lied that I had run away from my father's home because I was bored and because I wanted to see the world.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

After that night I saw her often. We would wander through the parks together, or go out on a 'bus top to London's country; sometimes it would be the "pictures," or "the gods"—as she called it—of a theatre; and sometimes we would sit in a café and talk.

In the early days of our friendship I had told her about the dreary hotel at Euston and she had persuaded me to leave the place.

"What you want," she said, "is a nice bed-sitting room somewhere near a park. Euston! Ugh! Terrible hole!"

And so I moved to a bed-sitting room off the Edgware Road, and, as my money was fast dwindling, I set about seeking a job.

It may seem strange to the reader—it may seem untrue, even—but I secured a job almost immediately—and quite a good one: I was taken on as a waiter at a smart Soho café.

I had seen the post advertised in the "Situations Vacant" columns at the public library.

There were several others waiting to be interviewed when I arrived which made me feel rather unhopeful; the others all *looked* like waiters, no doubt *were* waiters, whilst I had had no experience whatsoever.

But I got the job. I think it was because I spoke perfect Spanish as well as perfect English, and it appeared that was just the type of waiter they required.

With the job, and my deepening friendship with the little gallery girl I became moderately happy. The awful secret of my youth was fading into the past.

She was for ever doing her best to persuade me to get into touch with my parents again. She could not understand why I should break so completely with them just because I had, as she thought, run away to see the world.

"I bet your old dad 'd give half his bank roll to see his blue-eyed boy again," she'd say. "Haven't you got a heart?"

And then one day in a burst of confidence I blurted out the whole awful truth.

It was my Sunday off from the café, and we were lazing in a boat on the Serpentine. I had rowed over to the Kensington Gardens side of the water and had tied the boat to a drooping branch of a green willow tree.

The world about us seemed so breathlessly beautiful; the even blue stretch above was like the deep dye in a dyer's vat, and the water around shimmered in silvered sunlight. The shores were jewelled with the fresh greenery of Springtide.

For a fleeting moment I was delirious with happiness; the air was pouring like wine into my lungs, and I revelled in an ecstasy of peace. . . .

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

But only for a fleeting moment. Peace was not for me. In the still waters around I seemed to see my past rushing back at me.

I felt then that I must share my terrible secret with someone, and somehow—I cannot remember how—I told the whole tragic story to my friend.

She sat in silence at her end of the boat until I had finished, then, in a low voice she said:

"There's only one thing you can do—and that's write home to your parents. It'll ease your mind, and whatever happens afterwards 'll be for the best. Write and tell them of your three terrible years in the Brazilian Army. Tell them how you're toiling now as a waiter in a café, trying to work out your own salvation, and *they'll* forgive you—I know they will—whatever else happens . . ."

It was a May morning when the undreamed-of happened. I came down from my room *en route* to the café, and found the letter waiting for me in the hall.

On the left-hand corner of the envelope was written *VIA AEREA*, and the postmarks blazed back at me—BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA. The writing was in my father's hand.

Air Mail from Home! What that meant to me! I remember for a moment standing there, the letter in my hand. Then I turned and ran back up the stairs.

Seated on my bed, the door locked against intrusion, I opened the letter. It was in answer to the one my friend had persuaded me to write after my confession in the boat.

As I read I felt tears of sheer joy rolling down my cheeks, and I came out of the raging torrents of dark despair into the clear, calm bay of peace.

My brother had not died. The knife had inflicted but a flesh wound. He himself, my father wrote, pulled out the knife himself and stopped the bloodflow when he had regained consciousness and found himself alone in the house.

"He is married now," he wrote, "and although there has been no time to tell him of your letter, we are sure he sends his blessings and forgiveness as we do. . . ."

That was a year ago. I am in England still, at the café still. I am no longer waiter, however, but maitre d'hôtel. Also I am married—married to the girl to whom I owe everything.

We spent our honeymoon in the Argentine, but I could not leave for ever the London I had grown to love. We are settled now in a little flat off Regent's Park, and are looking forward to the promised visit of my brother and his wife.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side Slips."

WESTERN DAILY PRESS AND BRISTOL MIRROR:—"—— was best CAN.

HYDE REPORTER:—"To spend millions on the Army, Navy and Air FARCE does not mean preparing for war."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE:—". . . with groups of SOPRANO songs by ——, an ever-popular bass singer."

HORNER'S STORIES:—"She made me promise not to wake her UNTIL SHE RANG."

THE LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"As she generally occupies the same easy chair, the cover of this may be fitted with special ROCKETS."

DUBLIN EVENING MAIL:—"On hearing shouts a Civic Guard ran to a LIFEBOAT fixed on the quayside and threw it into the river."

LEICESTER MERCURY:—"The WIND was smashed and scattered over the road."

THE LANCASTER OBSERVER AND MORECAMBE CHRONICLE:—"—— took five WEEKS for 29 runs."

THE EVENING NEWS:—"He was formerly an assistant PURSUER on one of the liners."

THE YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"—— asked the magistrates if they could do anything towards BETTING his job back for him."

WESTERN TIMES:—". . . and carried bouquets of yellow NECKLACES, the gifts of the bridegroom."

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MOST HUMAN OF STORIES

THE Private Life OF George Lansbury BY his Son Edgar

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Order your copy to-day

"The Greatest of These—"

Lilian

£2 *for* Ten

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Lilian is one of a large family living in the North of England. Her mother writes that the child "has been delicate all her life, and has been in hospital four times."

Lilian's ex-Service father is suffering from partial blindness, due, his wife states, to the war, and for which he receives no pension. He has been out of work since the coal strike of 1926, and is not allowed to work in the pit on account of his eyes.

When his wife gave birth to her twelfth baby about three months ago, five of her children were ill. "I have never been able to buy any clothes for the new baby," she says. "I had to borrow them for him beforehand, and now he is wearing just old things. This is my income at present: £1 15s. 3d. 'dole' and 8s. earned by my fifteen-year-old daughter, but it is more often under 8s. This week she has only earned 5s., as the factory she is working for is very slack.

"At the moment I have £2 3s. 3d. to keep ten of us, and pay 8s. 3d. rent. I can't get myself pulled together through worrying, and I feel sometimes that there is nothing to live for, as one after the other the children are complaining of being ill through lack of good feeding."

And so the sorrowful story goes on. The story of an over large family, four of whom have died; a father who is a sufferer through the war and long out of work; a mother who needs all her strength to cope with her large family, herself weak for want of proper feeding. No wonder their doctor states: "The family is suffering from lack of funds, etc."

For the sake of the children, we broadcast this appeal, in the hope that our readers will respond generously by sending donations earmarked "Lilian," which, as well as subscriptions for the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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L. T., BRIGHTON.

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(BUT OH, THE DIFFERENCE IN THEIR WASHING)

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got spoiled
One wrong washing with ordinary soap powder did for some of the woollies; and the white frocks lost "colour" a little each wash.
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Persil's safe oxygen lather kept the cot clothes dazzling white, the woollies soft—gave her back each garment fresh as new every time!

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

THE CHILD WHO GOES TO WAR!

"A delight in bloodthirsty games and toys"

Send your own problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, with a STAMPED, self-addressed envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

A FEW weeks ago I discussed the problem of the widow left with an only son. That article has led many other parents to write to me about their difficulties.

In the very complex business of rearing a family some parents are obviously too strict—they conveniently forget their own youth and early mistakes. Others go to the opposite extreme—they spoil their children when young, and are then surprised when they turn out selfish and headstrong.

But one of the most common of all faults is that of over-anxiety. Fathers and mothers worry themselves almost to death without any real rhyme or reason.

Here is a letter which explains what I mean:

"I have an only boy of ten," writes a mother, "and he spends his time dreaming of soldiers and fighting. He loves to dress up as a soldier and turns all his playthings into a gun, a sword or a bombing aeroplane.

"Both his grandfather and his father are old soldiers, and my brothers are both ex-Servicemen. In fact, on both sides of the family we seem to be military. My mother-in-law tells me that my husband was the same as a child. At fifteen he worried the life out of her to allow him to join the Navy. But she refused. At seventeen he went into the Army, and a year later was out again, crippled for life.

"Can you wonder, therefore, that I pray this war-like spirit in my boy will disappear? I have tried to explain to him that war is not as wonderful as he seems to think it is. But all in vain."

* * *

NOW this mother's anxiety is quite understandable. Soldiering, as she says, is in both sides of the family. And in her crippled husband she has a constant reminder of the ghastliness of modern warfare.

But she must not anticipate a trouble that may never arise. Many boys of this age take a delight in bloodthirsty games and toys. When it's not soldiers, it's Red Indians or pirates. That is a phase most lads go through, and should not be taken too seriously. And it has this advantage. It enables them to work off their abundant energy and give play to their imagination.

When her boy is older he will be able to reason things out for himself. He will have this advantage over his father—the history of the last war will still be vividly remembered, and he will discover that it was not a picnic, but a brutal, bloody business. He will then appreciate the ideal of peace that his mother has been doing her best to instil in him.

My advice to this mother, then, is quite simple. It is this: Don't worry unduly; don't attempt to curb your boy too much. Let him indulge in the pleasures he likes. At the same time provide him with other interests in life. Give him something constructive to do, like fretwork, or carpentry. I hope that by the time he is grown up he will have learnt the truth about war, and that the world will have learnt sense and abolished it for ever.

* * *

In my next letter it is a grown-up daughter who is causing her parents anxiety. This is what her father tells me:

"My wife and I are very worried about her. She is twenty-one years old and has just completed her second year at the University. Recently she formed an attachment with a young man about her own age, and, despite our remonstrations, she endeavours to meet him on every occasion.

"We have pointed out to her that if she hopes to obtain her degree, she must concentrate her whole mind on her studies. She, however, thinks otherwise, and has taken up a very strong attitude.

"As parents, we have looked forward to her success in a scholastic career; and have denied ourselves to give her every chance. Up till recently she has justified all our hopes, but we do feel that her present conduct will result in failure when she comes to her final examination. Her young man friend is not a student, nor is he in a position to contemplate matrimony."

* * *

This letter raises a very difficult question. This girl is twenty-one, and is, therefore, legally "of age." Judged by ordinary standards, she should be capable of knowing her own mind. But there is another side to this question. She is not yet earning her own living. Her parents, who are making sacrifices on her behalf, have a right to expect her to keep her side of the arrangement.

I take it that their objection to this young man is that his association with their daughter is interfering with her studies. I think, if they have nothing else against him, some compromise might be reached. A girl is entitled to a little leisure from her studies. She ought also to have the right of selecting her own friends. Could not those parents and young folk talk over the matter together?

BOTH that girl and the young man should realise the stupidity of wasting time that ought to be devoted to work. He might spend his time in improving his position, so that one day he may be able to "contemplate matrimony." And the girl should see how foolish it would be to risk failing in her examination when success is within her grasp.

My advice to the parents is to treat the matter with as much forbearance and understanding as they can. If they do, that daughter will surely recognise their reasonableness, and I sincerely hope she will meet them at least half way.

* * *

In my third letter it is a son who is causing the trouble:

"I have a lad of twenty-two," writes a mother, "and he will persist in going out with a girl of thirteen, although I must say she looks older than her age. She is well known in this neighbourhood as being 'fond of the boys.' He is with her every night till twelve o'clock, and though I have written to her mother about it, she has not taken any notice.

"My husband has locked the boy out several nights, but it seems to make no difference, and, in any case, I cannot rest until he is indoors. This trouble is not only upsetting the home, but it is such a bad example to our three younger boys. As a result of going to bed so late I cannot get this boy up in the morning. He should be at work at seven o'clock, but he is always late, and I am sure that one day he will be paid off."

* * *

This young man certainly presents a problem. The easiest course would be to turn him out of the house and make him find lodgings elsewhere. There are many who would advocate this course, especially as the lad is of an age when legally he could be made to fend for himself. But although this would relieve his parents of his company, it would not, I am sure, prevent his mother from worrying about him. He might go from bad to worse once all parental restraint had been removed.

I THINK, therefore, that they should try every possible avenue before telling him to find accommodation elsewhere.

But what more can be done? When he has come home late they have locked him out. The mother of the girl has been written to, but without result.

I always hesitate before introducing a third person into an affair of this kind, but in this case there seems to be no alternative. Young people, I know, will sometimes listen to an outsider when they refuse to take any notice of their own father or mother. I suggest that a local clergyman would be only too glad to be of service.

First of all, the parents should talk the matter over with the son, pointing out how foolish and unreasonable he is. He should be reminded that the Law offers special protection to girls of thirteen, and that he might easily find himself in the hands of the police.

Then, if that failed, they should seek an interview with the mother of the girl. She should be told quite plainly of the grave risks her daughter is running in roaming about at such late hours. Probably, when that woman sees that other people are taking an interest in the matter, she will exercise more control over her child.

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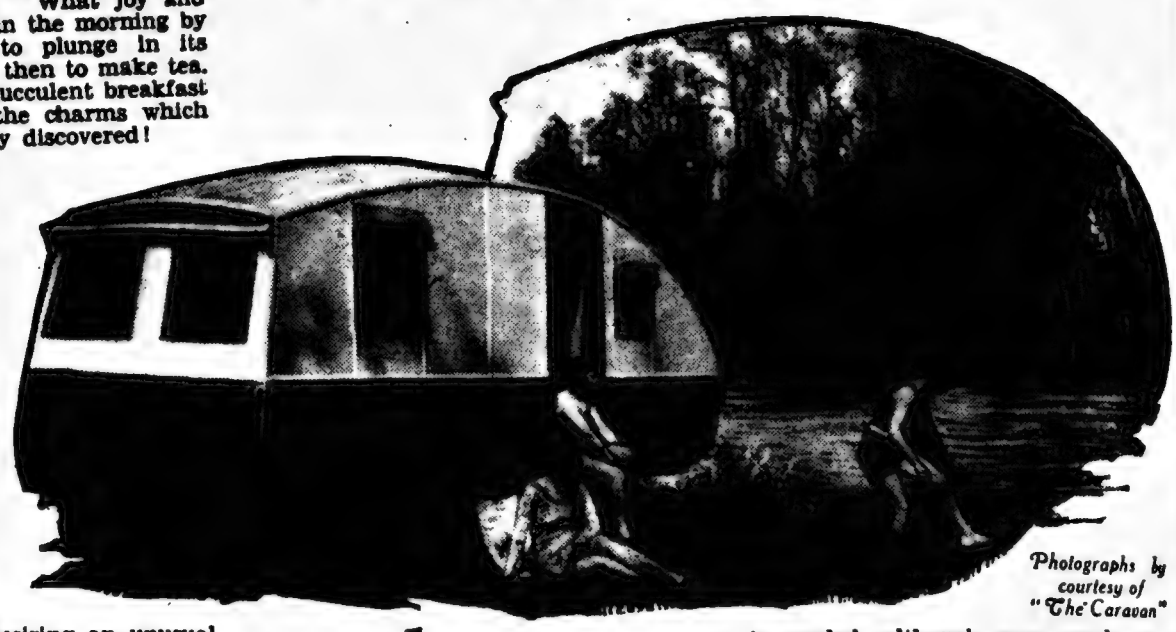
SPEND IT BY CARAVAN

THE great open-air urge in Britain continues. Hiking and rambling, camping, and mountaineering and rock-climbing—all have grown immensely in popularity during the last few years.

Britain's motorists are legion. There are thousands who set out for their annual holiday, in their reasonably priced car to seek new scenes of beauty and sources of health.

Many of these have felt the desire to spend the night in some sequestered spot which they have discovered, without having to seek the nearest town for their night's lodging. What joy and exhilaration to arise in the morning by this purling brook, to plunge in its sparkling waters, and then to make tea, and fry the sizzling, succulent breakfast bacon—here amidst the charms which one has adventurously discovered!



Photographs by courtesy of "The Caravan"

There are many who seek to capture this pleasure in camping, but not all can appreciate the rigours of roughing it. The young people enjoy it, to be sure, but father and mother—if they are "getting on"—are not too enthusiastic about the joys of sleeping on the hard, hard ground, even in a "flea-bag" of the latest design.

Hence the growing popularity among car-owners, desiring an unusual holiday at restricted cost, of the caravan trailer. Until the invention of this light-weight sleeping-dining-room and kitchen, nomadic motorists had to be content either with the accommodation which chance might provide—in the lesser frequented parts of the country—or with a car cruising while carrying their camping impedimenta packed on the car

It is true that caravanning pre-dates the motor trailer. The Caravan Club, for instance—oldest of caravanning organisations—was founded by enthusiasts of the horse caravan. And even now there are some who prefer the staid and easy twelve miles a day, drawn by faithful Dobbin, to the longer distances of the trailer van.

A CURIOUS point with regard to the horse caravan is that certain caravan associations and firms have experienced a mild revival in enquiries as to the cost of a horse van for the holidays. The enquirers are, almost all of them, young men and women who have no car, and therefore cannot avail themselves of trailer service.

Then there was the motor-caravan—a heavy and expensive vehicle which, it was found, was unfitted for British touring, as it was too heavy for our moist climate and, if you drove it off the road on to the night's camping site, you would find the wheels deeply embedded in the morning.

Even the earlier trailers were too heavy, so that only users of expensive cars could tow them. Prices also were high, and facilities for hiring scanty.

Perhaps the greatest advance towards trailer-caravanning as a popular pastime has been the development during the last year or two of various synthetic light-weight materials into compounds suitable for the walls, roofs, and linings of the caravans. By means of these heat and weather-resistant compositions, substantial reductions in weight have been effected. At the same time, research experts are studying every method by which the weight of equipment can also be lessened.

The result has been remarkable. A year or two ago there was no caravan which weighed under a ton. Now a trailer van for two people, with two berths, need weigh only six hundredweight; and a four-berth van, with two compartments, eight hundredweight.

This means that, whereas, not so long ago, trailer-vans were only practicable to the owner of the 20 or 28 horse-power car, now the low-power car can also be equipped with a trailer-caravan.

—the new holiday thrill

Even the "baby" can draw its owner's cottage on wheels. Only recently an enthusiastic caravan girl travelled from London to the Scottish Highlands in a seven horse-power car, together with a two-berth caravan and a girl friend!

Thus it will be realised that in these days of cheap cars caravanning is becoming within the reach of the humblest car-owner.

But the van itself is costly, some will say. That depends upon what you require. You can buy a sort of trailer-lorry with adjustable canvas sides and roof—really a tent on a lorry base—in which you have room for a couple of beds, chairs and a table—for £10 or £12.

Then there is the folding caravan with whole-ply roof and canvas walls, which, upon arrival at the site, you can raise, revealing your furnished room beneath. This will cost you somewhere around £30.

BUT perhaps you have set your heart on a real modern caravan trailer—one of those gaily painted, stream-lined vehicles which we see more and more frequently upon the road.

These cost more, of course, than the canvas-sided caravans. They are genuine little dwellings on wheels—with kitchenette, sink, wash-basin, lockers, beds, cupboards and table. Gay cretonne coverings for beds—which are settees in the day-time—and casement curtains make the interior fresh and inviting.

You can obtain one of these, to sleep two persons, for about £60 up. Other more up-to-date and elaborate models will cost about £100. But this includes not merely the caravan, but all furniture and equipment.

For the family holidays, a bigger van is needed—although some people use a two-berth van with a lean-to tent for the kiddies. Four-berth vans can be obtained at from about £110 upwards. Most of these are two-compartment vans; sliding doors may be shut across the centre of the van so that privacy may be secured if needed. Two berths are at each end of this type of van.

If you want something a bit roomier and more luxurious you can pay £165 for a really elegant van, 15 ft. long by 6 ft. 2 in. wide, and furnished in every detail.

Expensive, you will say? Well, caravans are not yet within the reach of all, but they are certainly becoming within the reach of nearly every car-owner.

And don't forget the cheap week-ends. Also father can take the family down to the seaside or country, unhitch the car, and return to town, leaving them there for a couple of months, and visiting his own rent-free country home each week-end.

CARAVANS may also be hired at rates from 35s. a week upwards, according to the model chosen and the number of berths—and also according to the time of the year, August being the dearest month. One can store one's caravan during the winter at special depots for 2s. to 3s. 6d. weekly.

Caravan sites abound throughout the countryside. The Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland—which formed a special caravan section last year, has 1,500 registered caravan sites. The Caravan Club also has a large list, and then there is the Caravan Association.

Both the Automobile Association and the Royal Automobile Club have also established caravanning sections, giving special services and facilities to their members. Caravanners now possess a magazine devoted solely to their interests—and there is even a cookery book of caravan cooking recipes!

A caravan holiday for four adults in a hired van—provided one of them provides a car—should not cost more than 30s. a week each for hire and petrol. Camping site fees are usually from 1s. to 2s. 6d. a night.

One final reminder for intending caravanners. Don't stop for a cup of tea about 80 miles from where you breakfasted, to find you left the tea service down by the side of the brook at your last night's camping place!

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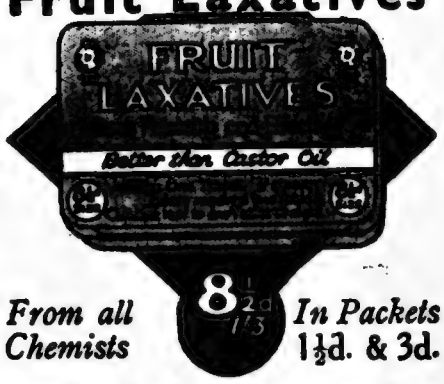

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CURES PILES

Chaperoned— by a Policewoman

THERE are secrets about the administration of the police forces of this country which even experienced magistrates, who have details of police routine placed before them every day, do not know.

Mr. Samuel Pope, who has presided over the North London and Clerkenwell Police Courts for many years, was surprised recently to learn of the existence and work of "police-women chaperones."

In the dock before him was a young Irish woman, who, while employed in London, was charged with helping herself to property belonging to her employers and, converting it into cash, had run away to her Belfast home.

The long arm of the law traced her there, and thus the story of her wrong-doings was revealed to Mr. Pope. She had been brought back to London by a detective, accompanied by a policewoman chaperone.

The best known of these "chaperones," whose work came under notice in the famous "Savidge Case" enquiry some years ago, is Inspector Lilian Wiles, of Scotland Yard.

She has "chaperoned" or played a part in the arrest of many women criminals during the past seven years. Quite recently she posed as the fiancé of a man who, though known to be only a pawn, had been convicted for complicity in a series of robberies. In this guise she had to consort, sometimes at lonely spots and secret meeting places, with other criminals who were suspected of being behind the scenes.

Not long ago, too, she figured in a case in which the wanted "woman" proved, on arrest, to be a man who had been masquerading, for criminal purposes, in female attire.

The diamond lady

At Scotland Yard to-day there are something like twenty-five picked women who may be called on to play the part of "chaperone." In addition, at every police station in the Metropolitan area there is a matron who, acting under the supervision of Miss Dorothy Peto, the Chief of the Women Police, works in close unison with the squad of twenty-five.

These women officials virtually "take over" the prisoners from their male colleagues once the arrest-warrants have been executed and the charges read over to them.

Miss Dorothy Peto, Chief of the Women Police, Scotland Yard

And often the only time the C.I.D. men in charge of the case again see their prisoner is when she appears before the magistrate in court, or comes before a judge and jury at the Old Bailey, the London Sessions House, or at a provincial Court of Assize.

Very fortunate indeed was the presence of a chaperone in the case of Mrs., otherwise "Lady" Doreen Semple, who, until a few months ago, was living in magnificent style in one of the most luxurious flats in the West End of London. Even the brushes and combs on her dressing-tables were ornamented with diamonds.

A woman of undoubted charm, she made a habit of robbing wealthy men who went willingly to her flat to be entertained and who could be easily compromised into a position in which "hush money" became the natural sequel.

From one North Country dupe she obtained over £3,000, and, when he finally agreed to prosecute her anonymously, enquiries revealed that she had, in different aliases, been victimising men since 1923.

When a detective-inspector, accompanied by a chaperone, arrived at her flat with a warrant for her arrest, she made the wildest allegations against his personal honour which, had the chaperone not been present, might have made it very difficult for him.

A chaperone played a part that only a woman could play when a notorious woman criminal called "Norah Elison" was arrested for obtaining valuable jewellery by fraud and disposing of it mysteriously.

Her hiding place

In company with a chaperone, a police inspector took "Elison" into custody as she was leaving a fashionable hotel. She feigned illness, had to be taken to a room and given medical attention and, had not the chaperone been present, might have found means to hoodwink her captors. When she was searched two rings and a necklace were found concealed in her clothing.

In another case, where a woman travelling with a baby in a car was pulled up by detectives and taken into custody on similar charges, the accompanying policewoman chaperone discovered the evidence she wanted hidden in the clothing of the infant child!

The late Miss Margaret Williams, of Liverpool, who acted as a chaperone for the Liverpool City Police for years, unearthed many drug and White Slave conspiracies. When she died two years ago she was given a police funeral!

Set a woman—

Sometimes grave risk of injury is taken by these chaperones. One of them, attached to Scotland Yard, was so badly hurt in assisting at the arrest of a dangerous pair of married forgers that five stitches had to be inserted in her forehead and face!

It has often been said that it takes a woman to catch a woman. The policewoman chaperone has often proved the saying true.

SOCIAL and SOLITARY

Homely Wisdom

by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

IT is said that the greatest discovery of our time in the treatment of nervous disorders is that human beings consist of two classes—those who are chiefly interested in their own thoughts and feelings, and those who naturally concentrate attention on events and persons external to themselves.

It does not follow from this difference in temperament that the introspective people are necessarily selfish or that the self-conscious people are necessarily unselfish. In fact, I think it is often the other way round.

Some of the hardest people we know are so busily engaged in the pursuit of pleasure or money that they never pause to scrutinise their own motives. They are strangers to themselves and would be bored by their own company if they could get no other. Some intensely shy people, on the contrary, are among the kindest friends one can make. A reserved nature may be a sympathetic and generous nature.

The great Dr. Pusey, one of the finest characters of Queen Victoria's reign, is reported by those who knew him best to have been extraordinarily self-contained, but as extraordinarily tender and helpful to all who came to him for advice in trouble. He was tirelessly patient with those who sought his counsel, but he never seemed to need any himself. He bore his own burdens in silence.

Such persons are rare, but they are the salt of the earth. There is no need of mankind greater than the need of a hearing ear and an understanding heart, someone in whom to confide with the certainty of not being betrayed, someone strong enough to share a grief and lighten it at the same time.

Look around your circle of acquaintances at this moment and count the number upon whom you could rely for relief to your mind if you were so hard put to it that you felt you had to lay bare your heart to someone or give way under the strain. Is there one? If so, you are fortunate. Many a reader of these words will confess with sadness that he cannot be sure of one.

Your friend may mean well and yet fail you and irritate you because he cannot put himself in your place.

Or he may give you away by unwise chatter, or change towards you sometime and use his knowledge cruelly, or you may find at length that what you believed to be a wise head and a firm will were nothing of the sort and have made things harder for you.

Hence it is that as people grow older they are apt to grow more reticent and to shrink within their shell, not because they do not long for a perfect companionship but because they cannot find it. As Christina Rossetti plaintively sings:

In joy I sat alone; even so I grieved—
Alone, and nothing said.

Don't yield to it, reader. Just as there is no punishment so awful as that of solitary confinement, so there is no impoverishment of spirit more dire than that of holding aloof from your fellow-creatures.

It is worth while taking risks to cultivate friendship.

You may be hurt and disappointed sometimes, but on the whole what you get is what you give.

Be slow to make claims on human sympathy, but swift to respond when they are made on you.

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16 GNS

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This Magnificent 4 ft. 6 in. Walnut Bedstead to match, 2 Gns. Easily Worth 5 Gns.
4 ft. 6 in. Coil Spring Mattress 30/- extra.
4 ft. 6 in. All-Hair Overlay Mattress 40/- extra.

SP 188—Imposing modern **SUITE** of beautifully figured Walnut finished a rich biscuit tone. 4 ft. **WARDROBE** fitted hanger-rail and hooks and large mirror inside door. **DRESSING TABLE** has two spacious drawers and triple frameless mirrors. If desired a spacious 3-drawer chest can be had instead of the attractive millinery cupboard illustrated. **3-Piece SUITE** complete **8 Gns.** Magnificent 4ft. 6in. **WALNUT BEDSTEAD** to match. **2 Gns.** Easily worth 5 Gns. *Part Carriage and Packing* 10/- *extra*

REAL HIDE SUITE with Pullman Spring Cushions

8½ GNS

SETTEE Separately 5 Gns. EASY CHAIRS 2½ Gns. each. ~~16 GNS.~~

No. SP 283.—The finest craftsmanship, highest grade materials and the superexcellent finish combine to make this attractive Real Hide Suite a stupendous bargain at the absurdly low price. Seats are fully sprung and fitted with loose Pullman Spring cushions, covered Brown Velveteen. The richly grained Real Hide will give a lifetime's service. Settee, 52 in. wide, depth of seat 24 in. Easy Chairs, 26 in. wide, seat depth 24 in.
Part Carr. & Pkg. 7/6 extra.

3ft. OAK COMBINATION BEDSTEAD

With Spiral Spring.

20/-

COMPLETE WITH BEDDING 30/-

No. SP 133.—Strongly built with 1 in. grained Oak Panels and fitted with Spiral Spring Mattress. 20/-. Usually 40/-. Flock Slied Mattress, Bolster and Pillow in best English Ticking, 10/- extra. An amazing Bargain.
Part Carr. & Pkg. 2/6 extra.

MAGNIFICENT BED SETTEE WITH 2 EASY CHAIRS

IN REXINE AND VELOUR

~~14 GNS~~ 7 GNS

No. SP 250.—Attractive modern style Bed Settee Suite, perfectly upholstered in a combination of finely grained Rexine and floral design Velour seating in Brown, Fawn or Blue. Also in All Tapestry. The Settee is converted in a few moments by a simple operation into a double bed measuring 72 in. x 54 in. **Settee £3 17s. 6d. Easy Chairs** measuring 30 in. wide, seat depth 28 in., **£1 15s.** each. **3 Piece Suite complete £7 7s.**
Part Carriage & Packing 7/6 extra.

3ft. FITTED 'ROBE SUITE

£4·10

Showing Fitted 'Robe Interior.

TOILET PADE Separately £2.5.0
WARDROBE Separately £2.10 0

No. SP 334. 3 ft. FITTED BEDROOM SUITE. Richly grained Oak, finished a warm Jacobean Brown has been used throughout. The Wardrobe fitments include four deep shelves, boot and shoe rails, and sliding hanger rail, inside of door is fitted with large Mirror. 2 ft. 6 in. **DRESSING TABLE** has swing mirror and two drawers. 2 ft. 6 in. **DRESSING CREST** has two drawers. The three pieces perfectly constructed and finished. **£4.10.0.**
Part Carr. & Pkg. 5/- ex.

6 ft. HALL STAND

IN GRAINED OAK, FITTED MIRROR AND HOOKS AND DRIP PANS.

No. SP 24.—Latest Modern Design, fitted with oxydised hat and coat hooks. Umbrella drip-pans and commodious locker below. Finished rich Jacobean. Height 72 in., width 24 in., depth 12 in. Usually 30 c. **20/-**
Part Carr. & Pkg. 2/6 extra.

Cot, Overlay Mattress & Pillow

No. 2182X sturdy COT superbly stained and fitted with wire mattress, well-filled overlay and pillow in strong covers. The whole cot is easily fitted up or taken down. Mounted on castors. Size 4 ft. long x 2 ft. wide. Height about 2ft. 10in. **COMPLETE 20/-**
Part Carr. & Pack. 2/6 extra.

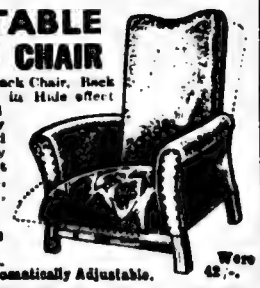
4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 BEDSTEAD

20/-

Usually 39/6.

No. D 210.—Complete with Spring and Overlay Mattress £2 17s. 6d. *Carriage 5/- extra.* Full double-size Bedstead, Oak ends and iron sides with Patent fittings. Polished a Jacobean Brown. Size 6 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in. 42-Coil Spring Mattress of the finest manufacture 20/- ex. Overlay Mattress, 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in., 20/- ex. *Carr. 2/6 ex.*

ADJUSTABLE FIRESIDE CHAIR



No. SP 187.—High back Chair. Back and arms covered in Hide effect Rexine with Floral Pattern Tapestry seat. Back and seat automatically adjustable. Height 38 in., width 23 in., depth of seat 19 in., height of back from seat 28in. **20/-**

Carriage 2/6 extra.

Automatically Adjustable.

Were 42/-.

MAGNIFICENT OAK DINING SUITE

£5·17·6

14 c

No SP 112—**Dining SUITE** 4 ft. **SIDEBOARD** is built of selected grained Oak, finished rich Jacobean and has two spacious cupboards and three drawers. Top is fitted with mirror. **SIDEBOARD** sold separately, **40/- DINING TABLE,** 3 ft. square, opening to 5ft. x 3 ft., sold separately, **40/- DINING CHAIRS, 10/-** each. **CARVER CHAIRS,** to match, **15/-** each.
Part Carriage and Packing on Suite 5/- extra.

6-Piece SUITE: Suite comprises: 4 ft. Sideboard, 5 ft. x 3 ft. Table and 4 Dining Chairs.

A SMALL DEPOSIT WILL SECURE any suite or article, which will then be stored FREE until required for delivery.

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WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP

SIXPENCE PER TABLET (*U.K. only*)

WARM WEATHER WORRIES MEAN FATIGUE

When every spell of warm weather makes work a harder struggle, when your brain seems sluggish and your body unwilling, it's a sure sign that you are getting run-down.

And if you really get run-down, summer sunshine won't do much to cure you. What you need is something to invigorate your blood.

Just take three glasses of Wincarnis a day; the first thing you will notice will be how much better you sleep. The very first night you will sleep more soundly than you have for months. You wake refreshed and reinvigorated.

Then you will find yourself getting stronger and stronger. You will tire less easily, have more zest for work and play, be more alert, more determined.

Remember, Wincarnis is not a drug or a medicine. It is simply the purest of wine with the great added advantage of the highest grade beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. Try Wincarnis to-day.

SUFFERED UNBEARABLY FROM DUODENAL ULCER

What would your feelings be if you had been for two years in constant agony, which nothing seemed to ease, and then found relief from the first dose of a medicine which doctors all over the country are recommending?

Read this amazing letter: "For over two years I suffered almost unbearably with what my doctor considered duodenal ulcer. I was treated but only obtained temporary relief. I tried several so-called remedies but nothing was effective. The first dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder relieved me wonderfully and now I feel quite a different woman."—Mrs. M. H————, Erskine Hill, London.

And if you suffer from stomach trouble of any sort remember that you can get just the same relief as Mrs. H————, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

The OTHER WORLD WONDER

SUPPOSING somebody were to ask you to name the Eighth Wonder of the World, something wonderful enough to rank with the seven masterpieces of the world. What would you say?

Would you put forward wireless, television, the aeroplane, the motor-car—or would you say that the modern liner, which makes possible the luxury world cruise, is the finest and grandest example of this mechanical age and has an unchallengeable right to the title?

If so, have you ever thought of all the human activity that goes to give it that pre-eminence?

Care-free smiles from the passengers — but there are furrowed brows under peaked caps, for the world cruise means busy times for the ship's workers

Luxury city

Well, a ship's company numbering no fewer than 700 will be employed looking after the 400 passengers of the crack British liner *Empress of Britain* on her forthcoming trip round the world. And when you realise what a mechanically perfect creation the modern ocean greyhound is you will see why.

Here is not just a ship sailing away to sea.

Here is a city as complete as St. Albans, as modern as New York, as luxurious as Park Lane, and generating its heat, power and light, and every service it needs, with its own plant big enough to supply Scarborough—yet setting out as lightly on a tour of the world as a baby car on a jaunt round the Home Counties.

While its passengers eat or sleep, play or read, unseen hands will work for them, unseen ears listen for them, and the eyes of the bridge, remote from them all, will watch out through every day and night, through fair weather and storm.

There is so much to do in a self-contained little world like this.

There are giant turbines mustering 60,000 horse-power, to be kept fed through four merry months, and gigantic appetites they have.

There are passengers with appetites just as voracious, in a way. The fact that they will consume 100,000 lb. of flour and 30,000 lb. of butter—and who wants bread and butter, anyway, with every luxury that a West End hotel could supply on board?—shows that. They have to be supplied with fresh vegetables and fruit the whole time.

Magician's job

Oh, the wireless telephone talks to the ports a day or two days ahead—Japanese and Javanese, Greek or Indian—to make sure of these essential supplies. Then the care to choose fruit that will last until the next port is reached, however long the next hop. And the frantic search for vegetables that an English housewife could get in ten minutes. And on top of all—the price!

No one knows as well as a chief steward how hard it can be to get a cauliflower in a world of melons, and green peas where the inhabitants have hardly ever seen or heard of them. Sometimes he seems to be a magician in conjuring up the apparently impossible.

And few know how bitter is the blow when what was a ton or so of fresh strawberries yesterday has to be thrown overboard.

Then the hundred thousand minor worries. This man develops a sudden craze for a rare sweetmeat in the Suez canal. That woman must get a special breakfast food at the next port. There are fifty culinary eccentricities for every sixty passengers carried—and even then cooking presents fewer problems than many other aspects of running a great liner.

There are big duties to carry out unceasingly. Waves are sent to the sea-bed every few seconds of the night and day to test the depth. Wireless bearings are being received the whole time to confirm the dead reckoning of the chart room in the fixing of bearings. Then the gyro compass—that polaric mystery that enables airmen to hit whatever part of a coast they seek after flying for hours through fogs—keeps pegging away at its job of helping the magnetic compass to be doubly sure.

All those are only part of the safety precautions that go on without halt.

Yet it is the mass of smaller duties that cause most bustle and anxiety in a floating city, as in any shore town.

Things people want . .

There are people seeking dental extractions, the woman who wants to satisfy herself by personal inspection that the spare propellers have not been left behind, the child who desires to apologise to the captain because she has dropped overboard one of the smaller toys from the nursery; people who want the big and resplendent bathing pool both hotter and colder at the same time!

There are hundreds of things like that in every waking hour.

Electric light bulbs burst. There are 17,000 of them, served by hundreds of miles of cable and thousands of miles of wire. They are not fault proof, like the 120 public clocks synchronised from the bridge. Somebody gets worried as to whether the laundry can deal with two whole "skips" full of laundry, not realising that it can deal with 12,000 pieces a day.

The fact that there are five miles of alleyways in the ship, a shopping street, a post-office, a beauty parlour, a valet service, two orchestras, a complete talkie theatre and much more in the same style, shows that the problems of such a ship are the everyday problems of a city.

But not a city founded in rock, its essential services supplied through underground pipes and tunnels. A city that is rarely in the same place twice on the map of the world!

Money-juggling

Seven hundred to look after four hundred! And it is very necessary, to enable people to see the wide world as the fortunate passengers on the *Empress of Britain* will see it, in absolute comfort, perfect safety and style.

They must have lecturers to tell them what they are going to see to-morrow, and the significance—historical, geographical and so on—of the wonders of the world a few hours' steaming ahead of them. There must be experts to advise them on currency, especially as they will find themselves faced with scores of currencies on one trip.

It is amazing how many people accumulate pockets full of hopelessly mixed coins-of-all-the-countries, fail to find out which is Greek, which Egyptian, which Japanese, and then have to have it sorted out.

A thousand demands

Then most passengers have to be carefully advised on what they buy. Otherwise they would be bringing back to Birmingham goods made in Birmingham and turning a blind eye to the genuine products of Mimosa Land and the other wonderful countries they will visit.

Passengers fall ill. It is inevitable even during this healthiest of all holidays that somebody should. Women clamour for permanent waves, massage, violet ray treatment, the skilful touch of a dressmaker. All that is just as inevitable.

Other people insist on buying rare tropical plants that they think they might be able to transport to their own gardens—and the ship's gardener does his best with them in the conservatory where the banks of flowers for the public rooms are reared.

Then thousand demands a day—and every demand met.

Yes, if you named the modern liner as the Eighth Wonder of the World you wouldn't be far wrong.

Take Your Family Round the World

IMAGINE yourself and your family in this picture, enjoying every moment of a World Cruise in s.s. "Empress of Britain."

Picture the thousand thrills and lasting memories of a 29,650-mile trip to 20 different countries! Think how you would appreciate it all, with £1,000 cash to spend and an assured income of £5 a week for the rest of your life!

These are no dreams. All these blessings are actually awaiting the winner of our Record Midsummer Prize for a "Bullet," finally offered on pages 38 and 39.

Let half-an-hour of your leisure this evening bring you a memorable World Cruise and independence for life!

FIT AND WELL!

● Children's sluggish spells and other little upsets just vanish overnight when you give them 'Milk of Magnesia.' A gentle antacid and mild laxative like this is ideal for a child of any age, including infants.

Of all chemists. In Bottles of two sizes: Small 1/3 Large (treble quantity) 2/6

ALSO TABLETS
'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS are now on sale. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia'
1/- per box

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Ask for 'Milk of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

A PILE CURE
THAT IS REALLY DIFFERENT

No messy ointments; no harmful drugs; no purgatives; no injurious instruments; no alarming expense—only a very few shillings.

Sufferers! Permanent relief for even most stubborn cases can now be had quickly and cleanly. The success of Pennant Pile Cure has been proved. Actually this remedy has been used for 200 years, but it was a family secret given only to a favoured few. The present proprietors now offer it to the public. If only you'll try it, you'll be thankful.

D. J. writes:—"*Thanks to 'Pennant' I am free of agonising piles for the first time for 25 years.*"

E. E. B. writes:—"*For 13 years I suffered from 'itching' piles. Six months ago I tried 'Pennant' and there has since been no sign of them.*"

Pennant Pile Cure is made up in painless, harmless pills taken at night—no messy ointments, doubtful drugs or troublesome purgatives. Swellings, pain, irritation and itching quickly go away and the tissues are restored to health.

FREE BOOKLET on Cause, Complaint and Cure on request. But if in pain now, don't delay—send 3s. 9d. for box of Pennant Pile Cure and the booklet will be sent with it, all post paid in plain wrapper.

THE PENNANT CHEMICAL PRODUCTS CO., 7, Medical Hall, Penygroes, North Wales.

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RALEIGH *quality . . .*

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You Too, Can Have A COMPLEXION THAT FASCINATES

New Powder Secret Gives the Fashionable "Dull Finish"

Smart French women to-day all have "dull finish" complexions. That means they have discovered how to obtain a perfect 'matt' finish skin which stays free from shine all day.

The secret is a new process patented by Tokalon by which 'Mousse of Cream' is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. That is what makes Poudre Tokalon cling five times as long as all other powders. No trace of shine on nose or face even after hours of dancing in a hot room, or when out in wind and rain.

'Mousse of Cream' prevents Poudre Tokalon from drying up the natural oils of the skin like ordinary powders do, causing the skin to become rough and dry.

If you would have a marvellous and fascinating complexion that no man can resist, get a box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. See for yourself how entirely different it is from all other face powders—because 'Mousse of Cream' is the exclusive secret of Tokalon **6d. and 1/-** a box.

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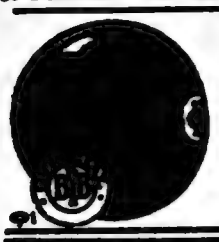
120 Pairs of BOWLS



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Write for details.

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Dale Works, Accrington.

Nervous Breakdown

Mrs. Whitehouse, 14, Clowell Place, Highfields, Sheffield, writes: "My husband and I have benefited greatly by Vitadatio. I was suffering from a Nervous Breakdown and losing weight rapidly. After the first bottle I began to feel better, and went on taking it, finding that my Nerve Trouble had gone, and gaining my weight back. My husband had Pains in the Chest. After taking Vitadatio, he has been a new man, and all pain has gone. We are both in good health now, THANKS to VITADATIO."

Vitadatio

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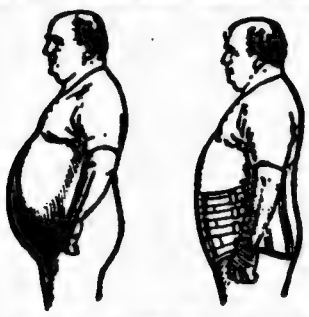
THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Man who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetière.

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

My Bitterest DISAPPOINTMENT

MY son was leaving for France at a minute's notice, and I had scraped enough together to travel to see him go—never to return.

Arrived in London, I rushed to the station and reached the platform as his train steamed out. My disappointment was bitter when I realised I was seconds too late, and even more so when the train pulled into an adjoining siding to await more troops.

For though my son was so near, he was as far away as ever, for, unaware of my presence, he did not trouble to look out of the carriage window.—*"Sad," Westerham.*

Sacked

Four years ago the banns were put up for my wedding.

The following week my pay envelope contained a note to the effect that owing to trade depression my services were no longer required.

There followed two years of dreary unemployment before I secured a job, at which I have made good and steady progress.

Now for the second time the ceremony has been arranged, but, try as I may, I shall never forget the disappointment when I opened that fateful envelope.—*G. P., Plaistow.*

Double Change

When I became engaged, I had to do my courting from fifty miles away. Then one day I asked the "boss" for a transfer to the branch at the town where my sweetheart was employed. To my delight he consented, and I was able to leave the same day.

My fiancée almost wept when I told her about my transfer.

For, to my intense disappointment, I learned that she had also asked for a transfer, and the next day would be working in the town I had just left!—*H. R., Sussex.*

Still Dark

A head wound brought about temporary blindness, but an operation was performed which I was assured would restore my sight.

At last the great day arrived for the removal of the bandages. The nurse carefully unwound them, layer by layer, but presently she stopped.

All excitement, I begged her to continue, and then, at her silence, I raised my hand to my head. All the bandages had been removed—and I remained in darkness.

The disappointment was agonising, and the long wait for the second, and successful, operation interminable.—*T. L. A., Lydd.*

Didn't Lead

I was a young actress with a small part in a London production, and understudy to the leading lady.

One morning she informed the theatre that she had been taken ill and would not be able to play that night. I took her place at rehearsal, which went off splendidly, and I was tremendously excited at the prospect of playing the lead for the first time.

I was bitterly disappointed when, half an hour before the rise of the curtain, the leading lady turned up, ready to play her part.—*A. J., East Croydon.*

Asleep . . .

Home on special leave during the war, I was a hero in our small town. All day I longed to be alone with my wife, for I wanted a little "private" hero worship.

At long last, in the privacy of our home, I was able to tell her all about the exploit that had won me my decoration—how she had been my inspiration when all seemed lost.

Her silence during the recital was gratifying; I felt how thrilled she must be. Then, a snore shattered my dreams—she was fast asleep.—*H. B., Bedford.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, June 19.

My Jolliest Holiday Memory

Vain Wait

Ten hours had been spent in writing that little article, my first.

A free-lance friend helped me to prune and improve it, and he got it typed for me. Hopefully, I sent it to the editor of a paper I read.

Two days afterwards I received word that he intended to print it. I almost haunted the newsagent's shop waiting for the paper to come out. But it never did. It went bankrupt.—*A. R., Sheffield.*

So Near . . .

After years abroad I was homeward bound to spend Christmas in England.

A gale sprung up in the Bay of Biscay, and firemen strained every muscle to keep up steam, whilst, on the bridge, all our skill was concentrated on keeping a straight course.

We passed Lundy early on Christmas Eve, and knew then we had won. Soon I would be home. Then the pilot came alongside and I learned that the dockers were on strike and wouldn't take us through the locks. A miserable holiday was spent at anchor.—*D. W., Bristol.*

He Walked Home!

My young son very badly wanted a bicycle, and after unsuccessfully trying to save sufficient to buy him one, I decided to stake all I had on a horse.

Arrived at the course, I placed a bet on a likely winner. Amid great excitement the horse won at big odds and I made my way triumphantly to the bookmaker to collect my winnings.

Alas! In my jubilation I had mutilated my betting-slip and, to my bitter disappointment, the bookmaker refused to pay. Not only did my son lose his bicycle, but I had to walk home ten miles in the bargain.—"Sorry," Midlands.

Friend Found

War-time pals, our friendship never faltered. We pledged ourselves to meet again after the war, after a "Blighty one" was responsible for our separation.

Years passed, and neither wrote to each other. Impelled by my promise, I took a train to his home, Swindon, conjuring up visions of the happy reminiscences we should tell.

Alighting at the Railway Town, curiosity compelled me to glance at the large Memorial to employees hanging on the platform. I started back. His name was there.

I had found my friend—but not in the manner I had expected.—*R. W. L., Exmouth.*

Worth It!

I was on one night's shore-leave, and was catching the last bus to see my mother for the first time in two years.

As I went to board the vehicle, a breathless woman pushed her way up to me.

Tearfully she implored me to let her have the last place in the bus, as she had been summoned to her only son's bedside: he'd met with an accident and was dying.

The woman's gratitude when I let her pass knew no bounds, and although it was my bitterest disappointment, it was worth it.—*"Seaman," Kent.*

Late Start

My only son's heart was always in painting, but for fourteen years I kept him at business, hoping he would eventually take, in my opinion, the sensible view.

Last week one of his pictures received high praise from an authoritative quarter.

I now realise that had I not been pig-headed from the first, he might have already made a name for himself in his chosen sphere, instead of starting almost at the beginning at the age of thirty-four.—*C. K., Manchester.*

* * *

My bitterest disappointment was when I waited in vain at the altar on what should have been my wedding day.—*Spinster, London.*

When my doctor said on the night I was to make my début as a star in the opera our local society was producing in a big theatre: "You'll have your voice back in three days."—*M. S., Bayswater.*

The day I saw a junior clerk obtain promotion over my head, which I had expected would have been offered me because of my superior length of service.—*A. B., Birmingham.*

When our only daughter refused to be married at her father's church and the ceremony was performed at the registry office.—*"Minister's Wife," N. Wales.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

ASCOT *Specials*

WINDSOR LAD, my second string for the Derby, was a 22 to 1 chance when put up in these notes as the best each-way bet in the race. He proved a gallant winner.

Now for Ascot. A few years ago a well-known layer told me that he regarded the Royal Meeting as a clearing-house for his debts—if any. Black Ascots, from the point of view of backers, used to be regular affairs. Nowadays, however, favourites seem to be more obliging. Fifty per cent. of them won last year.

The three big gambles are the Ascot Stakes, the Hunt Cup and the Wokingham Stakes. I hope to find the trio, but shall be satisfied with one.

Those I like best in the Ascot Stakes are Brunswick, Negro, Ciaran and Tuxedo. My selection is Negro.

There does not appear to be a rod in pickle in the Hunt Cup. After a careful consideration of the weights I narrowed the issue to Fonab, Light Sussex, Rentenmark, Spurtle, Totaig and Versicle. Rentenmark is by the speedy Epinard and was trial tackle for Quartz II. prior to the Lincoln. He is my choice on this occasion.

For the Wokingham I am plumping for the Northern-trained Coroado, who is one of the most improved sprinters in training.

We must look to Gatwick this week-end. Yum Yum, Tuapse and Pride of the Chilterns may be winners for us.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 14, to Wednesday, June 20.

P	U	X	Z	R	98	T	F	O	A	Q	C	93	B	94	M
V	Y	97	L	W	N	96	G	S	K	H	J	I	95	E	D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. 95KJ2QYO would read BACCHUS.

Change to GIBBS!

ygienic...Handy and Best

ibbs Solid Dentifrice is the orld's best dentifrice in the ost convenient and hygienic orm. Economical and cleanly use. Neat — dust-proof. ndispensable for children and hen travelling. You'll be elighted with Gibbs Solid Dentifrice: your teeth cleaned afely, made sparkling white. Decay germs killed, your nouth purified and refreshed. Buy your Gibbs to-day.

Gibbs SOLID DENTIFRICE

Popular Size 7½d. Large 1/-. De Luxe 1/6. Refills 11d. Or may be had in Tubes: Gibbs Tooth Paste 6d & 1/-.

GD758

ohn Bull" Guarantee

Y article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a money-back" guarantee.

oods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines rugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory which have been approved by our experts are ed—

case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if are taken or applied according to the directions will have no injurious effects.

y this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but re is taken to strictly ascertain as to the bona-fides of all adsers in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us one month from the appearance of the advertisement in Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Director shall be final.

MS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull"

E ALL BRITISH CYCLE

SENT FOR 1/-, Packing Free. Carriage Paid, to Approved Orders. AN AMAZING OFFER! Promise 2/- fortnightly. Excellently Made for Easy Riding. Dunlop Champion Tyres, Rims, Saddle, Etc. All Complete. Free Accessories. Guaranteed 50 Years. Gent's 79/6, Ladies' 86/-. Worth Double. Delight or Money Back. FREE Bargain Catalogue—Ladies' & Gent's Models, Racing, Sports—Tourists, Juveniles, Etc. All at Reduced Terms—The Lowest.

PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE, Dept. 10 Lr. **HASTINGS.**

MR. A. RABBIT
(Wizard of the deep field) **WRITES:—**

"Give me a place in the 'deep', a pipe of Digger and the other fellows can do the fielding."

PLAYER'S DIGGER 8D PER OZ CUT PLUG

P.D.29

CUTICURA
SOAP AND OINTMENT
Relieve Skin Troubles

Bathe the affected parts freely with **Cuticura Soap** and hot water, dry gently, and anoint with **Cuticura Ointment.** Pure, antiseptic and healing, these super-creamy emollients bring quick relief and soon heal itching, burning, scaly skin affections, eczema, pimples, rashes and all forms of skin troubles.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.

SOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Beware! If Kidney trouble or Bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's safe, pure prescription called Cystex. Specially prepared to soothe, tone, clean and heal raw, sore Kidneys. Cystex starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex is guaranteed to cure you or money back. Only 3/- from Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists, or Williams, 81.R, Lamb's Conduit-st. W.C.1.

SECTO KILLS

ALL INSECTS

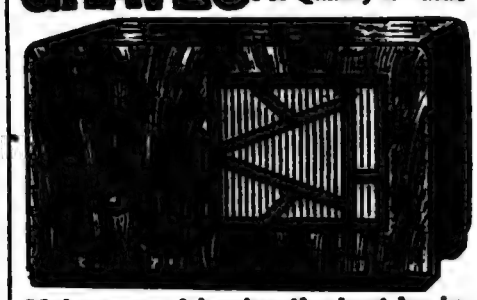
FROM CHEMISTS 4 6 1-

EVERY WRINKLE GONE! After 6 Weeks

A woman of 61 in a hospital at Vienna was treated daily for five minutes by a famous doctor. In six weeks all her wrinkles had completely disappeared. She had regained a fresh, girlish complexion. The test was repeated, says a Vienna Medical Journal, on other women of 60 to 70 years of age with the same astounding results.

Now the story of this miracle is published to the world. Any woman may do the same thing for herself. Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna found that wrinkles are caused by the loss of certain vital elements from the skin. After years of research he succeeded in extracting these precious elements from the skin of carefully selected young animals. This product he called Biocel. The sole rights to use this amazing discovery were bought at enormous cost by Tokalon. Biocel is now combined with other vital skin nourishing ingredients in Tokalon Biocel Skinfood. It rejuvenates the skin, removes wrinkles and tones up sagging facial muscles. Women of 50 and 60 may obtain a youthful beauty that many a young girl will envy. Successful results guaranteed with Tokalon Skinfoods or money refunded.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Make sure of having the best by installing GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set. It is a triumph of Radio skill and enterprise, and gives you countless hours of pleasurable entertainment.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis. British Valves. Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN.

8/- NOW

H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £6.10.0 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

Mr. A. S. J. Y. of Upper Parkstone, writes:—"I received the Graves-National Wireless Set safely, and found it quite in order. After a whole week's thorough test I am delighted with its performance, both on long and short waves. Having compared it with various other sets in this district, costing from 5 to 8 guineas more, all I can say is that I would not change.

Mr. W. B. of Leeds, writes:—"I got my Wireless from you in 1922, and it is still working grand. I have not had any trouble, and the valves that were in when I received it are still working."

GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE SET FOR A.C. MAINS fitted with finest components, including iron-cored Radio Frequency Coils, latest pattern Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Beautifully figured Walnut Cabinet. Complete in all respects. Carriage Paid £9:0:0 or 12/- monthly. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of these and other self-contained Radio sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

GREAT NEW HOLIDAY PRIZES for JOHN BULL'S PENSION X-WORD!

£5 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE and £300 and £25 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY

COMMENCING AUGUST 1934

OR ONE HUGE CHEQUE FOR £600

INCREASED HOLIDAY PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP £150

BONUS AWARD FOR RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVE TWO 6P. ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE... £100

HOLIDAY Crosswords are here again, in good time to give you a fill of course at "John Bull's" expense. And the new series of summer offers which starts this week brings within your reach a splendid 3-in-1 prize of £5 monthly as long as you live, *plus* an immediate payment of £300, *plus* a £25 Holiday Cheque on August 1 yearly for the rest of your days!

Runners-up, too, are to benefit substantially by this offer of Holiday Cash, for the sum to be divided as announced has soared to £150.

Start on your squares this evening, see that they are in the post to reach us by noon Thursday, June 21, and the following Thursday may bring you a thrilling message from "John Bull."

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £5 a month, £300 Cash and a Holiday Cheque yearly of £25 (or a lump sum of £600) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the *nearest* correct solution.

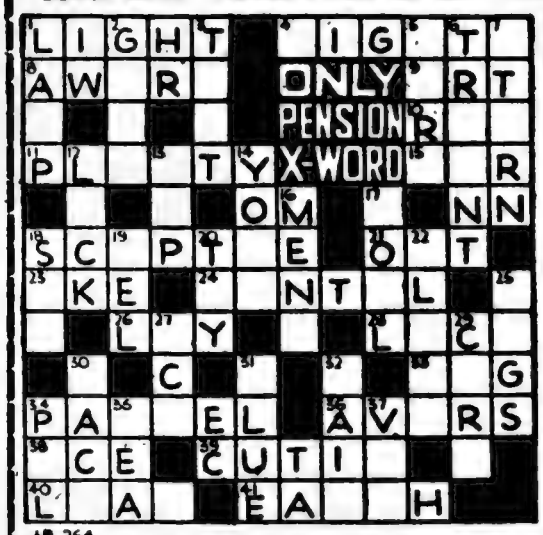
An increased Holiday Prize of £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution.

An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope.

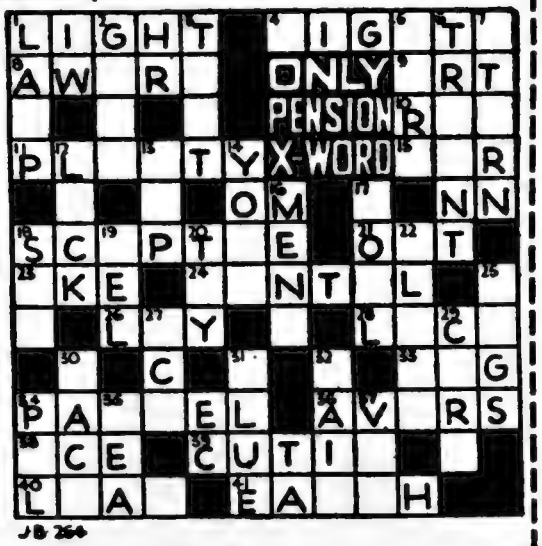
Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 28, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 5.

WIN A X-WORD HOLIDAY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 264—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1934



JB 264



JB 264

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 264—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1934

JB 264

JB 264

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for 6d. With four squares send one P.O. for 1/-. See Rule 2.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 264, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Not heavy
4. Keen ones are often seen at regatta
8. Conscious of
9. Is admired at Academy
10. To be sorry for
11. State of abundance
15. You hear with this
18. Symbol of Kingship
21. Short for "often"
23. Add to
24. Amount paid to landlord
26. Hen's job is to do this
28. Ornamental trimming
33. Fragment of cloth
34. A crayon drawing
36. Declares to be true
38. There's one in every suit
39. What crooner calls his sweetheart
40. You often see boxers do this in the ring
41. What seeds are planted in

DOWN

1. Needs good supply of oil
2. Requires good hanging to be satisfactory
3. Is impressed on school-boy's memory
5. What greyhounds chase
6. He stays away from school
7. Where ship's rudder is
12. It may not hold, so bank your money
13. Is welcome to settle your dinner
14. In olden times
16. Shows mother's care
17. Is rarely obtained without spadework
18. Pictures show us waves of it
19. Crossword compiler's favourite fish
20. Make an effort
22. Blaze
25. Beware of getting unsteady on these
27. Bill becomes, when passed by Parliament
29. What conjurer shows when handling pack
30. It improves by healthy training
31. What blood may be
32. Many people delight in splitting one
34. Good friend
35. Attracts many bathers
37. Animal's surgeon (abbreviated)

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, June 21, 1934.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 5, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, July 17, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £150 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £600 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

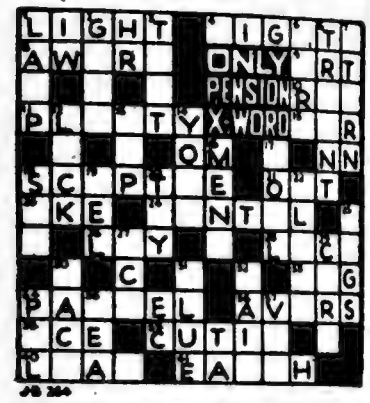
Solution of "John Bull" Crossword 262

JB 262

Winners in 261 on page 16. Result of 262 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 262 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



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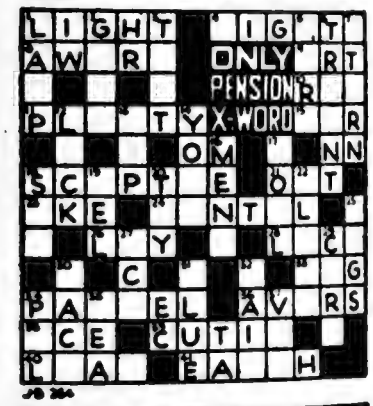

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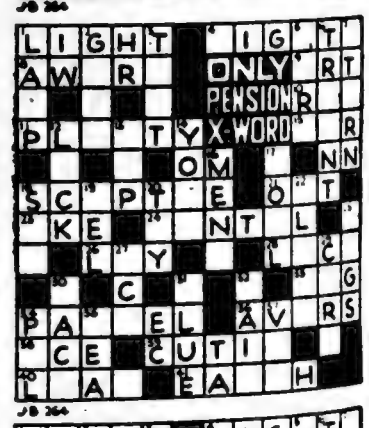

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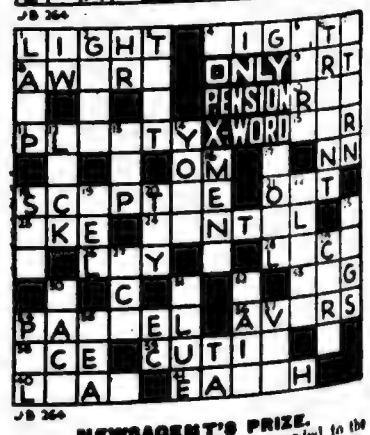


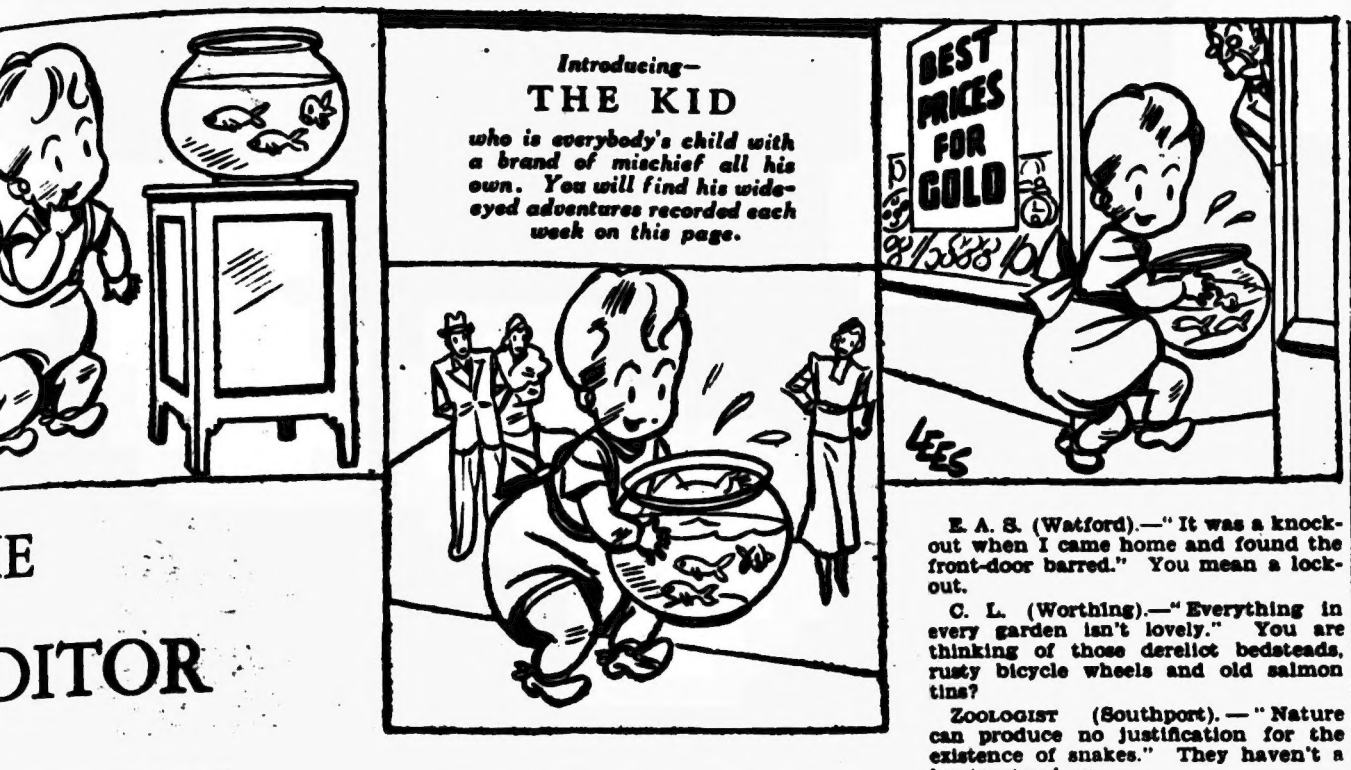
JB 264

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

FREE HELP

with "John Bull's" Puzzles awaits you in the **Crossword Gazette.** Register on Bulletin coupon in "Bullets" page.


Introducing—
THE KID
who is everybody's child with a brand of mischief all his own. You will find his wide-eyed adventures recorded each week on this page.
BEST PRICES FOR GOLD
LEES

E
DITOR
AUGHS
AST

NALD (Streatham).—"Nobody saw my joke about a pancake." It fell flat.

G. N. (Hendon).—"He got two eyes in a public-house." Closing

(Forest Hill).—"There is a closely d secret connected with my birth." te?

. (Barnsley).—"The world is again British coal." And the Austra- re even after our Ashes!

ITECT (Leeds).—"Designing a prison ery difficult job." Yes, you have e walls which can't be scaled.

(Ealing).—"The modern woman is e with anything on wheels." What a pram?

(Birmingham).—"I intend to novel on Mars." A great idea, but r will you get up there?

P. (Barking).—"Lots of London now attend night schools." To e their arithmetic?

. S. (Bury).—"I recently bent to s 300 times in succession." Our st nephew offers his sympathy.

cco (Edinburgh).—"I am always to try a fresh kind of tobacco." Do er your pouch in return?

. (Bromley).—"I am fifty years of t I am still developing my body." the waist line?

. (Bury).—"I went for a flight in d's aeroplane yesterday morning to the dawn breaking." You were up he lark, as it were?

KER-ON (Trent Bridge).—"I had just o watch a county cricket match rain stopped play for the day." So dn't get a run for your money.

NIS (Hounslow).—"People would at the sweeping moustaches of fifty ago." Girls would be particularly l.

OOLMASTER (Sutton).—"So I told ys to jump to it!" And they, of were eyeing the bent pin and wait- r you to do likewise?

ARIAN (Oxford).—"A maggot had ly eaten its way through a large e from cover to cover." A regular vorm.

. (Minehead).—"My team is train- ard for the local bell-ringing con- You anticipate a ding-dong le.

PECKED (Maybole).—"The proper for my wife would be in a cage alf a dozen lions." But what would S.P.C.A. say to that?

T. (Croydon).—"I have tried every- under the sun to induce my sweet- to become engaged to me." Why not der the moon?

ITIONS (Folkestone).—"I have made y mind to swim the Channel this y hook or by crook." The hook to ou when you get tired?

ASED (Wednesbury).—"When my ey was on fire, the brigade arrived s than five minutes after receiving call." Was the summons equally pt in arriving?

D. L. (Cambridge).—"Never try to deceive your doctor." Give him the inside information.

H. A. E. (Leicester).—"How do you find things in your office after the cleaner has been?" Not so dusty.

L. T. (Salton).—"Our charwoman is very keen on the Test matches." Always talking about the Ashes.

PETER (Hull).—"In repartee, though I say it myself, I can show you what's what." Not what's wit.

S. M. (Deal).—"Gliding is absolutely safe." It's plain sailing.

A. T. (Leeds).—"Everyone should dress to suit his purse." We don't believe in nudism.

E. A. S. (Watford).—"It was a knock-out when I came home and found the front-door barred." You mean a lock-out.

C. L. (Worthing).—"Everything in every garden isn't lovely." You are thinking of those derelict bedsteads, rusty bicycle wheels and old salmon tins?

ZOOLOGIST (Southport).—"Nature can produce no justification for the existence of snakes." They haven't a leg to stand on.

UP-TO-DATE (Margate).—"I told my daughter to be sure to be home by 22.30 and she was an hour late." Perhaps she is poor at mental arithmetic.

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"We've got quite a lot of pictures hung on the line about here." And this is such lovely drying weather!

CLARICE (Hove).—"Lots of our British beach fashions cross over to France." It's silly of people to leave them lying around when the tide is coming in.

T. W. (Chatham).—"History has been repeated again and again." That was how we were taught to memorise the dates at school.

D. R. (Sudbury).—"A camper near London recently broke the 220 yards record without knowing it." A number of farmhands then arrived and the bull was headed off.

S. C. (London, N.W.).—"We can always do with more hands in my business." Manicurist?

TAILOR (Oldham).—"I can judge character at sight." You are, of course, used to taking the measure of a man.

HEALTH (Whitby).—"I have the stomach of an ostrich." What have you done with the rest of the bird?

GEORGE (Teddington).—"Sunbathing is good for rheumatism." Yes, lots of people get it like that.

R. W. M. (Paddington).—"I am now attached to the police force." Handcuffed?

DAISY (Rochdale).—"What will it be fashionable to swim in this summer?" Water.

GARDENER (Epping).—"I am trying a new variety of runner-beans which grow at a positively crazy rate." Well up the pole?

G. M. (Iver).—"Every woman wants to have pretty dimpled elbows." Although the sharp bony variety are more useful for obtaining bargains and getting on buses.

J. K. (Hurlingham).—"I have got a job as a sandwich-board man at a seaside place duirng the summer." Very poor protection against slaps on the back when you are sunburned.

C. F. (Dover).—"Fines totalling over £650 have been imposed on two fur merchants for false Customs declarations." That should bring them to a sense of duty.

OCTOGENARIAN (Liverpool).—"I hire a one-horse carriage daily for an hour's ride." You're a fly customer.

B. S. (Stockton).—"Although I graduated at college, I am working as a bricklayer." So you kept your mortar board?

COMEDIAN (Brighton).—"Off the stage I am a very serious person." Joking on one side, you aren't at all funny.

R. S. L. (Anerley).—"I have had a most exorbitant bill from the electrician." Apparently he believes in heavy charging.

GEORGE (Devon).—"There's only one girl I could ever marry." But that's all you're allowed in this country.

MRS. B. (Wisbech).—"A man should never do anything which he would be ashamed of the whole world seeing." What about having a bath?

MISS JOAN (Blackpool).—"Do you believe in long engagements?" Well, it gives you time to look round for something better.

G. S. T. (Fulham).—"I'd give a lot to be able to take my family away for a holiday." Well, would you give an hour of your leisure this evening? If so, turn to page 39 and win that Family World Cruise, £1,000 cash and £5 weekly for life!

J. C. (London, N.).—"Who wants to work in the City in warm weather?" Who wants to work in the City in any sort of weather?

BORED (Liverpool).—"Some people who travel regularly by air can't stop boasting about it." Naturally, they look down on the rest of us.

E. K. (Dublin).—"I have read the first chapter of an exciting story and am anxious to know what is coming next." The second chapter, of course.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

WHO ARE THE GIRLS WHO MARRY?

All Men Think Alike on this Question

Beauty alone will lure few men to the altar. Nice features must always be supplemented by vivaciousness, vitality, personality and robust health. The greatest of these is the sound health born of rich red blood coursing through the veins, which is the real giver of the bloom of youth. By taking a dose of Bile Beans at bedtime, you can get this clear soft complexion, sweet breath, and sparkling health.

These nice oval pills—so easy to swallow—perform the valuable service of gently clearing out of the system those bodily impurities which are the root cause of feminine unattractiveness.

If food waste is allowed to remain in the body, toxins or poisons given off are passed into the blood, thereby producing bad complexion, facial blemishes and a generally lowered vitality. Take a regular nightly dose of Bile Beans and an increased dose once a month. These purely vegetable pills will get you over your trouble, and give you new buoyant health which will increase your personal attractiveness.

The Bile Bean girl is the girl who is clean and healthy inside. She's the girl who has the looks and the sweet temper with which to win and keep the best husband.

THE SAME OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL.

For Free Sample send name and address on a postcard (penny stamp), to C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Carlton Hill, Leeds. Mention you saw this offer in "John Bull," June sixteenth.

RHEUMATISM

Relieve the pain, disperse the inflammation, reduce the swelling and banish the stiffness, by removing the sole cause—Uric Acid.

Bishop's Varietties contain the most powerful solvents and eliminants of uric acid known to medical science, and, when given a fair trial, never fail to prove their efficiency. They restore comfort, freedom and flexibility to muscles and joints even in the most stubborn cases.

Prices: 1/6, 3/- and 7/- per bottle.

Write for Booklet containing Dietary Chart and an Offer of a 30-days' Trial Treatment.

ALFRED BISHOP, LTD.
(Dept. J.B.), 48, Spelman St., London, E.1.

NO MORE GREY HAIR

If you are grey, you look much older than you should. Restore the natural youthful colour by using Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. It is harmless, very lasting, and does not soil the linen.

Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 and 6/- per bottle; or direct, post free, from J. B. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S MADE IN ENGLAND
WALNUT STAIN **EXTRACT**

PILES!

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3/-. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

MAN ZAN

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end constipation— Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

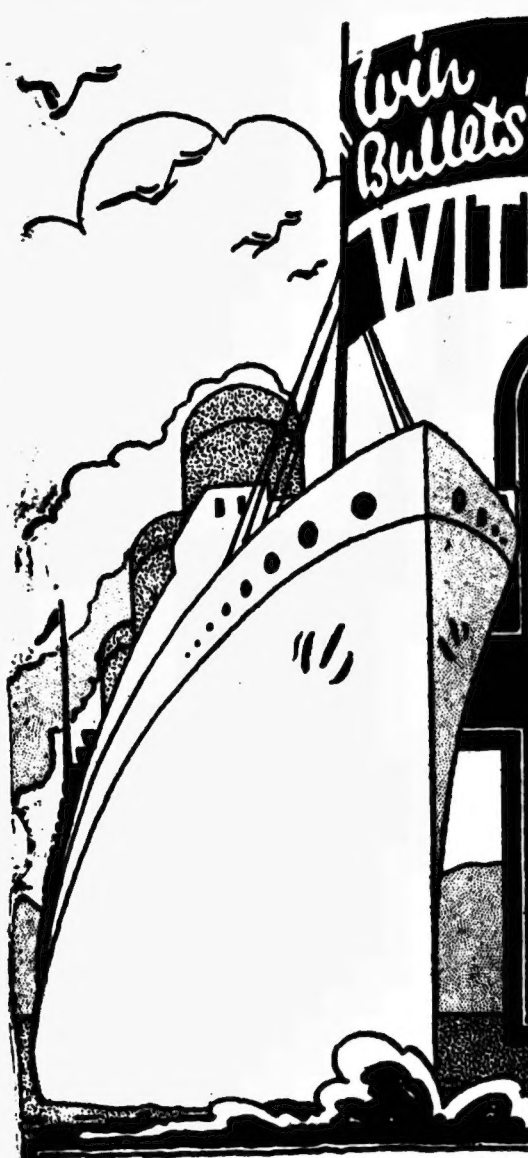
GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Moulded Conch-built body, softly upholstered, loose seats, tubular handles, leather cloth hood and apron, ball-bearing wheels, white ribbed cushion tyres, foot brake and mud guards. Price. Carriage Paid 5/- or 5/- monthly. Catalogue of Prams, Folding Cars, Free

5/- now

Body 30in long

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.



"With Bullets" FAMILY WORLD TOUR WITH LIFE PENSION AND FORTUNE!

£5 WEEKLY FOR LIFE PLUS £1,000 CASH

If winner is unable to take advantage of this mighty 3 in 1 prize, John Bull will pay instead the huge sum of **£3,000**

22 MORE FINE CASH + PLUS + TRAVEL AWARDS *on Page Opposite*

SEE 20 COUNTRIES of the WORLD

ON THE NEXT 29,650-MILE CRUISE OF

S.S. 'EMPRESS OF BRITAIN'

visiting France, Italy, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, Siam, Philippine Islands, China, Japan, Hawaii, San Francisco, Hollywood, Panama Canal, New York, and so back to Southampton.

Winner's prize of World Tour for Two is augmented by the privilege of being able to take on the voyage his two children under 10 or one of 10 or over.

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES — READ THEM CAREFULLY

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Last Days to Win the King of Holiday Prizes

ONE of the biggest thrills of the whole *Bullets* year may be coming for you on Friday, July 6. Early that afternoon a telegraph boy may bring you a message which will mean the whole world to you—and a tour of it also, at "John Bull's" expense!

A settled income for life of £5 a week, a huge balance of £1,000 at the bank and a 29,650-mile cruise with your family, visiting 20 countries of the world—these three awards are all rolled into one to form the sensational First Prize in "John Bull's" Record Midsummer Offer, finally announced this week.

Success for you would mean far more than independence for life; you and your family would be enriched by a thousand memories of your World Tour in that floating palace, S.S. "Empress of Britain," an experience few but millionaires can afford.

The Second Prize-winner, in addition to receiving a cheque for £250, will be invited to accept a Grand Tour of Europe for Two, including a visit to the World-famous Passion Play at Oberammergau.

One of the wonders of India which "John Bull's" travellers will see.

The Third Prize-winner, too, will receive far more than his £100 cheque, since with it goes a Luxury Coach Tour for Two through some of the most beautiful scenery of the British Isles.

A splendid holiday at "John Bull's" expense will also be enjoyed by the senders of the 20 *Bullets* which just miss the chief awards, accompanied by return Rail Tickets for Two to any holiday resort desired, or to any other station in the British Isles.

There are 12,550 other awards to complete this King of Holiday Offers, including numerous Week-end Prizes of £1 10s. To all the minor awards, moreover, a fascinating new £50 attraction has been added.

Such is one of the biggest opportunities ever known in any contest. To-day it is yours to grasp. In a few days it will be gone. Get busy on your *Bullets* this evening!

COMPETITION NO. 939

FIRST PRIZE: £750 and WEEK'S FREE MOTORING

Mr. J. S. SARGENT, 67, Northwold Road, Stoke Newington, N.

Example: BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL Bullet: WORLD—"HER PEOPLE" FRIENDLY. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£50 and FREE MOTORING:

Mr. G. YARNALL, Vancouver, Buarth, Aberystwyth.

Example: Sleep
Bullet: Another "Blessing" Parson Bestows.

£25 and FREE MOTORING:

Mr. J RIMMER, Woodside Nurseries, New Longton, Nr. Preston.

Example: Gallant Rescuer
Bullet: "Keeping Me Under," Missus.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. B. R. BRACE, 7, Ridgeway Crescent, Newport, Mon.
To End With—"Soup"—"Supping With Devil."

J. S. BYROM, 17, Whitelegge Street, Woolfold, Bury.
In Life's Test—Opponents From "Down Under."

S. COLE, 33, Fanthorpe Street, Putney, S.W.
Her Fortune—Between Me And—"Riches."

Mrs. N. COUNIHAN, Frances Street, Kilrush, Co. Clare.
Parents Say—'Don't!" That Does It!

H. W. HENLEY, 26 Leopold Road, E. Finchley.
Gallant Rescuer—Unknown—Rewarded By "Unseen."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

E. MARSHALL, 181, Hastilar Road, Manor Estate, Sheffield.
Making Headway — Business — Head's Way Businesslike.

I. J. MINCHIN, 21, The Crescent, Redcar.
When I've Got A Car—Dream Helping Barrow Along.

G. E. POETON, 11, Walliscote Road, Bristol.
When I've Got A Car—"Old Crock!" They'll Say.

Mrs. TURNBULL, 25, Reid Park Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Little Ones—Dobbin Carried—Tractor Doesn't.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

T. WRIGG, 2, Westfield View, Wakefield.
To End With--"Fireworks"—Japanese "Spinning Wheels"?

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

W. BROADBURN, 4, Hope Street, Greenock, N.B.
Little Ones — Complicate Life — Simplify Happiness.

A. E. COX, 5, St. Thomas's Road, South Hackney.
Man Who Gets Nothing—Dad—From Forty Stations!

S. CROOK, 36, Lynton Grove, Portsmouth.
Model Maid—Model Butler—Perfect Burglary!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. GIBSON, 15, Whippendell Road, Watford.
Sat On—Hubby's "History" From "Conquest."

C. GREEN, 93, Staniforth Road, Sheffield.
Here, There And Everywhere—Danger Signals—Becoming *Danger*.

A. W. HOOKER, 2, London Wall Buildings, London, E.C.
Model Maid—"Getting Off" Doesn't Worry.

W. F. KEMP, 36, Waddon New Road, West Croydon.
Making Headway—Grand Feeling—"Grind" Unfelt.

A. ROBINSON, 16, Beaconsfield Street, Carlisle.
Gallant Rescuer—Refused Kiss—Safety First!

H. H. RUDGE, 57, Ramus Drive, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Little Ones — To-day's "Cement" — To-morrow's "Pillars."

L. WEATHERITT, 33, St. George's Crescent, Alnwick.
Little Ones—"Bosses" *I* Stand Over.

A list of 50 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."
ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for £1,500 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 938 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. Wallace, 236, Hope Street, Glasgow.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 942 usually purchase "John Bull."

Peep behind the scenes in a World Cruise Liner — See page 32

22 OTHER GREAT CASH plus TRAVEL PRIZES

Unique Second Prize £250 AND TOUR OF EUROPE FOR TWO

visiting Amsterdam, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Nuremberg, Munich, Oberammergau (for Passion Play), Lucerne, Interlaken, Montreux and Paris—or one lump sum of £350.

Novel Big Third Prize £100 And luxurious Coach Tour for Two of England & Scotland

visiting Stratford-on-Avon, Shrewsbury, Chester, Southport, English Lakes, Loch Lomond, Oban, Edinburgh, Wensley Dale, Harrogate, Cambridge—or one lump sum of £150.

20 FINE HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £10

accompanied by TWO RETURN RAIL TICKETS from winner's home to any holiday resort or other town in British Isles.

12,550 Other Awards

50 Week-end Prizes of 30/- each—500 Prizes of 2/6—2,000 Red Seal "Targets"—10,000 "Target" Prizes.

£50 ATTRACTION

added to each "Red Seal" and "Target" prize.

THIS COMPETITION CLOSES ON SAT. JUNE 23

THIS WAY ROUND THE WORLD

ANY list of winning *Bullets* will show that the ideas employed were really just ordinary thoughts which might occur to anybody, but given big prize merit by well-chosen wording.

Keep that fact in mind as you read carefully through the list of *Examples* provided. Select a few to concentrate upon and write them out on a sheet of paper, leaving a space below each *Example*.

Next jot down all the rough thoughts they bring to your mind; how rough they are at first does not matter, for some of the best *Bullets* ever written have been built from commonplace ideas.

You have now to compress these ideas into *Bullets*—that is, into TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment with a neat bearing on the *Example* used.

For instance, your first rough jotting against the *Example*, TONIC FOR THE NATION, might be this: *When Another Ship Is Built*. Developing that idea, you could readily produce the completed *Bullet*, TONIC FOR THE NATION—SHIPYARD ORDERING ANOTHER BOTTLE.

Before starting, however, spend a few minutes with the list of winning efforts in the result announced on the opposite page.

When you have fully appreciated the good points of these winners, you are ready to produce some *Bullets* of your own. Put the best you can into your efforts and one of them, if entered by Saturday, June 23, may bring you a Life Pension, Fortune and Family World Cruise.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

TONIC FOR THE NATION
FORGING AHEAD
BRITAIN'S PRIDE
HUMANITY
SKIPPER RAMSAY
FAITHFUL SERVANT
SEEING THE WORLD
GREAT ADVENTURE
PEN v. SWORD
WORTH THE STRUGGLE
STICK TO IT AND
TERROR OF TO-MORROW
ALL GONE
TRAGIC END

YOUTH'S WAY
INTO THE UNKNOWN
ON HOLIDAY
DREAM OF DELIGHT
BAD FOR BUSINESS
SLAVE TO DUTY
LIFE'S A BATTLE, BUT
PEACE
ON THE WAY
DAWN BROKE AND
WIFIE'S BOMBSHELL
BLOW FOR THE BOSS
PUBLIC ENEMY
HUMBUG
BAND OF BROTHERS
HAPPY DAY
TRIUMPH OF MAN

NEARLY FINISHED
FRUITS OF FOLLY
HER HUSBAND
NOBODY
WHAT HE'S IN FOR
TICKLED SANDY
INDUSTRY'S TIDE
BIG PROBLEM
HEATED ARGUMENT
SHAMEFUL
SPOILT EVERYTHING
CAN ANYONE TELL ME
WHEN HE STARTED
WE MUST
HEARD TOO OFTEN
LONG, LONG TRAIL
FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £50-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

If the coupons on this page are insufficient for your requirements, you may submit further "Bullets" on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 942, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp)

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(942) Closing SAT., June 23 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(942) Closing SAT., June 23 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(942) Closing SAT., June 23 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(942) Closing SAT., June 23 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(942) Closing SAT., June 23 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(942) Closing SAT., June 23 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s. — Signed _____ Address _____

The Good Samaritan OF Sheffield

Relieved His Own 6½ Years' RHEUMATISM

Banished His 2 Relatives' HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

To play the part of the Good Samaritan . . . to bring Health and Cheer where before was Agony and Misery—To save suffering . . . to relieve distress and pain . . . surely that is the greatest service one person can render to another!

That is the part played by the happy man who writes the letter below! It is an epic story for all who are in the grip of agonising PAIN.

For 6½ years he himself suffered the torture of dread Rheumatism! All kinds of treatment failed to do him good! He was getting **WORSE!!** A friend recommended "Yeast-Vite" to him! He took it and found relief! But he was not content with finding new health himself . . . he wanted ***other*** sufferers to know the wonderful Power of Yeast-Vite. A relative was in bed with awful Neuralgia . . . the "Good Samaritan" came along . . . gave him two Yeast-Vite Tablets and the Neuralgia was conquered. Another had a terrible headache . . . again the "Good Samaritan" came with his Yeast-Vite Tablets. The headache vanished "like magic"!

Read the story in his own words!

Dear Sirs,—I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism for the past six-and-a-half years, being troubled mainly in the hips, thighs, knees and occasionally in the shoulders.

I have tried almost everything. I have been in Hospitals and Institutions, and until a friend recommended me to try your Yeast-Vite Tablets, I seemed to be getting worse every day. Since getting a bottle of your Tablets I seem to be picking up wonderfully, and my friends keep telling me that I am looking much better.

The other day one of my relations had Neuralgia and was in bed with it, so I asked him to try a couple of your tablets, and in an hour or so he was up and outside again.

Earlier on in the day another one had a terrible headache, and I gave her two of your tablets and it vanished like magic.—I remain, Yours truly, J. D., Sheffield.

Another Record Tribute To

YEAST-VITE

Still they come, these grateful letters of praise from people in every corner of the globe; proving up to the hilt that "Yeast-Vite is Life."

Not only to those in PAIN does Yeast-Vite bring its unequalled blessings.

—To the Weak and Weary it brings new strength and energy.

—To the Stomach sufferer it brings new appetite, new enjoyment of food.

—To the Nerve Racked and Despondent it brings new life and confidence.

—To the Sleepless and Exhausted it opens up a new vista of happiness.

For Yeast-Vite is LIFE. Yeast-Vite is the Wonder Tonic of the Age.

It is so successful because each and every tablet is an accurate scientific combination of pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomycetis Cerevisiae), Vitamins (especially Vitamin B), and other valuable tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists.

From the very first dose you feel Renewed — Refreshed — Reinvigorated. PAIN disappears! WEAKNESS is changed to STRENGTH! Life becomes Happy—Joyous—WORTH LIVING.

NO CURE—NO PAY!

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Tonic Tablets and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE" return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full.

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	*TO*	*TIME*
NERVE PAINS	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINS.
HEADACHES	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINS.
LASSITUDE	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINS.
DEPRESSION	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINS.
"NERVES"	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINS.
INDIGESTION	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS

Yeast-Vite

Brand

Tonic Tablets, Sold Everywhere, 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

T.C.B.

108 B61

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